

HARGARET.

THE PAR THE SATERDAY SYSTEM PORT BY MRS. L. J. RITTENHOUSE.

When you passed me yesterday, Deigning not to look that way, Did you know that I was none, and with all your coldness, feer Just to meet my carment game, Lest come thought of other days libould defy you to forget.

What we know been, Margaret?

Did your memory like a dream, Bring before you then a gleam Of a farmhouse white and small; Where the brightest sunbeams fall; Where the woodbine clambers up, Holding many a dainty oup, Filled with incomes awaster yet Than all others, Margaret ?

Did you see the roses white, And the red case, where one night Weath the selemn light of stars, Shadows held us in their bars. And the seft winds floating by, Heard us vowing—you and I, That our love should never set, While life lasted, Margaret?

Are your hot house flowers as sweet As she ones that kissed your feet? Do your prisoned birds e'er sing Like the wild ones on the wing? Will your wealth and station pay For the true heart cast away? Does no wild remorse, regret, Prey upon you, Margaret?

Turn your head away in scorn, Rich in gold—in heart foriorn; Mingle with the heartless, gay; Laugh and jest and ne'er betray Through your mask of calm, cold pride, How your aching heart is tried; Yet through all life's tangled net, Yes shall loss we Marranet. o, IIL

# MY STORY.

BY ENMA M. JOHNSTON.

"That man will be my nephew."

"Which man sunt?" I said, enddenly wheeling round and feeing the door, so if expecting to see some person who had entered unaware.

"The man who has just left us."

"Oh! Mr. Claymore. And which of your numerous nicose do you latend honoring with his consistency, hand?"

this gentleman's hand?"

"Nonsense, my dear? Tou know that I have but one nlees, and you know it is yes I mean will marry this man."

"Really, aunt, this is very interesting and romantie, but I must object to being disposed of in this summary manner, however worthy the object and good your intention. I presume, from the manner in which you speak, you have had a prophetic vision, in which you saw the noble Mr. C upon his kness claiming my hand, while you stood waiting to promounce the 'Bless you, bless you, my children?' Very pretty, indeed, aunt, and very kind of you; but again I say I prefer ordering my own fate in this matter."

"And pray why do you shiect to Mr. Clay-

matter."

"And pray why do you object to Mr. Claymore? He is a fine-looking man."

"I have seen handsomer."

"He is noble."

- "I know quite as good."

  "He is attentive."

  "Vory awkward at putting on one's shawi."

  "He is rich."

"Very awk ward at putting on one's chawt."

"He is rich."

"So are others."

"He loved your father."

"No need to love the daughter."

"Upon my word, Jean, you are exceedingly provoking!" cried my aunt, leaning back in her chair, and frowning upon me. "Here you have a rare piece of fertune within your reach, and you tarn your back upon it. You do not pretend to say you have not seen this all along, just as well as I? A men of more than ordinary worth shows you, day after day, by word, glance, and action, that he values you as a woman should be proud to be valued, and yet you prefer the society of men inferior in all respects."

"I have to bemoan my perverted taste, aunt, but as Er. Claymore is evidently your ideal, why don't you marry him yourself?"

My ann't inclination at this moment seemed to be to box my ears, but her reply was usapply: "Do be aerious."

"Well, then, to be serious. I think I'm o'er young to marry yet; and while I admit many friendly attentions on the part of the gentleman, and held him in the highest attention, and held him in the highest attention. I think him in trifle her old, and a trifle too her for me. Builden, I cannot my that I have

ever observed anything on his part indicati warmer feelings than those of friendship, think, my wheat little sent, you are related.

think, my wheat little sunt, you are mistaten in this matter."

"Ke," said my sunt, positively; "I am not mistaten. Evening after evening, that it has fallen to me to extention him while you were compiled with younger and payer man, in spite of his politeness, and deference to my years, I could observe his attention wandering; and when you thoughtening appealed to him in some trifling question, I have been a sudden start and color which he could not conceal. My perceptive faculties are good, child; that men loves you as you will never be loved by day other. Take my advice, and de net slight him."

"Well," I said, yourning, "I think I will go to bed and dream about it; it may be all quite plain in the morning, just as my issuess used to come right when I put my books under my pillow, it my days of study."

I issued over my aunt's chair for a good-night kiss, and looking into her eyes, I said.

"What do you think, ount? You look mot quite estimad."

kins, and leching into her eyes, I said.

"What do you think, sunt? You look mot quite satisfad."

"I think," she replied, "you are very pretty and very silly."

"A flattering combination," I said, laughing. "Nevertheless, as you are so deeply interested in my future, I am entirely at your mercy, and cannot afford to quarrel with you; therefore, my heat friend, good night?"

When I wust to my room, I fell to musing upon what I had just heard; I own it surprised me. Here wer a near who had sheen my father's friend, and had known me from my childheed; who had witnessed all my outbreaks of temper, and, in common with others, had been the victim of my petty whims as a spoiled child—suddenly surned into a lover. I wondered at it. It was postothing now, strange, and exciting. Heretofore I had never thought of love; I received the admiration and attention of many in the light, gay spirit of a girl just entering society. I never questioned whether, of all surrounding me, there was one whose presence was more looked for than another as yet. All was fresh and charming, and I flisted about idly, unmindful that there was bitter or sweet I must one day tasts.

I glanced in my glass, and it said, as my sunt had said, "Very pretty." Yes, I was pretty, though after no particular type or style. A fresh, glowing face, with hanse eyes, and blooming lips, and brown hair that was rich and abundant. A figure tail and well developed, and a mevenment light and glancing.

I liked to be pretty, set for the sake of admiration, but because my nature sought and required all that pas bright and fair. I was conscious of my beauty only to be keppy in the possession of it. Strangs as it may seem I had felt no wanty in the thought that others might think me fair. Indeed, I had been indifferent as to whether I were concidered so; but as I admired a flower, or any esher levely thing, so I could not help rejocing that I possessed a beautiful face. But perhaps, for the first time in my life, I felt a liste theill of triumph in the thought that the —nay, had, if what my aunt said were true.

Heigh-ho? I said to myself lightly. "I suppose my time has come to look to these things." I went to bed, and slept that sweet, dreamless sleep which comes to the young, happy, and healthy.

When we met at breakfast next morning, my

I went to bed, and slept that sweet, dreamless sleep which courses to the young, happy, and healthy.

When we met at breakfast next morning, my annt said not a word upon the subject which she had agitated, and having failed to dream upon it, I also was silent.

In the evening Mr. Claymore called, and, as it happened, was our only visitor.

During papa's lifetime he had spent much time at our house; and now it seemed only natural to see him; and if his visits grew more frequent, I had only attributed it to aympathy for us in our lonely bondition, for we were occuparative strangers in the town.

He had, indeed, proved himself worthy the high confidence napa had placed in him. In looking back now, I wooder how it would have been if we had not had his carnest sympathy, his untiring attention, and his true counsel.

My sunt sat knitting, and Mr. Claymore drew his chair near to hee, as was his custom.

"I protest against my aunt's monopoly of your society every evening, Mr. Claymore," I said. "I insist that you be entertained by me, and me only, this evening."

"I gratefully accept the honor, Miss Jean, and more particularly as it is so rare."

My sunt looked sharply at me, but appearing quite unconscious, I glided into a light, easy conversation. My companion had assumed a new character, and I accordingly set myself to the study thereof. I well remembered, as a child, demanding his attention, and claiming his interest, in this same way; and how, for hours, he allowed himself to be led whither I would, by my childish talk.

"This reminds me of our old life at Brakewood," I said in a passe in the conversation. "Alt what happy days those were; there can come so more such."

"No, and it is well there cannot," replied Mr. Claymore. "Such enjoyment could no longer autofy you."

"Is have not been so leeg ago, that I can have changed on much. I am a man of a child as ever."

"In some things, greated, but in the main you are quite a diffused menture in these few years. In that, the change is accurring dailyney, memorarily, and, for this reason, is imperceptible. The ocean resides, and leaves the beach, for all appearances, quite the same, but in reality every obe and fore has had its effect in tending to that great change in formation which in years will corpetee us all."

"What change, thus far, have you choorved in me?" I saked.
"I observe in the first place," said Mr. Clay-

"And taken to some more dangerous, though not the less delightful," I shimed in.

"Y cor mind in manuring, your heart is deepening, and you are fast appreaching that agains your observed separation of the protty child, you are more the influences you are now receiving. Leasily, destend of the protty child, you are more the beautiful weman."

"I am corry my aunt his less all this," I said lightly; for that lady had fielded her delicate hands over her initing and fallen asleep.

"You are a wenderfully alone observer, Mr. Claymore, and I share say you are quite correct; indeed I am sure already I feel the advancing steps of time, and anticipate the impression they will leave. In finding I will watch myself closely, it will be so contous, and I shall be anxious to know how it willend. Ah, "A hundred years to come?" I slightly sing and going to the plane. Mr. Claymore came and shool beside me.

dred years to come? "I signed, rising and going to the plane. Mr. Claymore came and escod beside me.

"I would scarcely dare venture upon one of my old sengs," I said, laughing; "I am afraid I might not do it justice after all these many days."

"I beg you will," he said. Gathering up a handful of keys, I scattered them in the sweet notes of a favorite balled.
On finishing I looked up and asked.—"Do you find my voice also changed?"

"Yes," he said in a low tone, "it seemed never so sweet as to night."

After this I sang no more, but broke into a gay, noisy polks which awoke my aunt.
"Dear me," she said, "how stupid I have been to sleep; really, Mr. Claymore, I hope you will excuse me."

"Don't trouble yourself, aunt, Mr. Claymore was not aware that you had passed into the land of shadows and atrange shapes till I called his attention to the fact. You lost an interesting conversation, however. When your eyes have become accustomed to the present light, I request you will look at your nices and say if you observe any change in her since you took your little sojourn in the land of sleep." Mr. Claymore looked amused.

"I observe a marked change since last night," said my aunt, significantly.
"A triumph for you, Mr. Claymore!" I cried,

said my aunt, significantly.

"A triumph for you, Mr. Claymore!" I cried, quite ignoring her meaning. "But I had almost

quite ignoring her meaning. "But I had almost forgotten Mrs. Lacey's party for to-morrow evening. Will you be at liberty to accompany us?"

"I am at your service," he replied; and after some more trifling conversation took leave. When he had gone I said, "Aunt, I am aleepy;" and then catching her puzzled expression, I laughed outright.

"Now don't begin to scold. Last night you rated me for indifference; to-night, like a dutiful girl as I am, I have been interested and agreeable—what more would you have?"

"Ah, you are so trifling, Jean, you don't know what you are about."

"An, you are so triming, seem, you don't new to what you are about."
"True," I replied, "this thing is yet new to me, and I may blunder a little at first, but I find it so pleasant that I am determined to persevere in the practice till I become proficient in the art,"
"I am "the said. "I have simply aroused in

"I see," she said, "I have simply aroused in you a spirit of coquetry; I now wish I had not mentioned the master at all, but had left it for

you a spirit of coquetry; I now wish I had not mentioned the matter at all, but had left it for time to bring to light."

"I hope," I retorted with affected gravity, "I will not bring any discredit on your prematurely disclosed plans."

"Go to bed, shild, go to bed," said she, tapping my check with her fan, and I left the room humming "Lovy's young dream."

Our means were limited, so it is not to be supposed my wardrobe afforded a great variety. Still, I did not trouble myself much about the matter of dress; a few serio-comic sighs were all I expended, when a party was announced, and a fresh dress wanting. I had the happy knack of being able to alter my appearance by a few touches; and an old garment was made to pass through an infinite variety and number of changes before it was discarded.

"Aunt," I said, "after a careful examination of the costly contents of my wardrobe, I have selected an India muslin; and new, as to the question of ornament."

d the costly courselected an India mustin; and selected an India mustin; and selected an India mustin; and selected an India mustin; "after are my pearls," said my aunt.

"I am too bright for pearls, they would be thrown away upon me; they belong to the fair, and more delicate style of beauty."

"Well, what about ribbons ?"

"Ribbons are too said, I'll have none o' them

When evening came, Mr. Claymore made his appearance before I had finished my toilet. "I wonder what he will think of my dress," I shought as I fastened some flowers at the threat, "New if it were Stanbope—he knows so well about these things."

I ram lightly down to the parior, and sweeping a carriesy before the grave figure standing by the firs, I looked up to note the effect of my appearance. He started slightly, and bowed a mook return to my salutation; and then going to the table took from a vase a tiny bouquet of delicate flowers.

"How lovely! this is a beautiful improvement on the stiff, heavy things that generally rest in the hands like burdens. How could you so well guests my taste?"

"You will remember we discoursed on flowers, among others subjects, in the days gone by."

by."

"This man has a graceful memory," I thought; and I half forgave him that he said not a word about my dress.

It was a large and brilliant party, and we were almost the last arrivals. I was soon our-rounded by my friends, Mr. Stanbope foremost among the number.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" I saked him.

"Haven't I, though?" he laughed; "my stature would be considerably nobler this night if it were not for that man."

"Stanhope," said Mr. Lacey, coming up after a polka, "if you wish to save your companion from the enmity of several lovely laddes present, you will leave her, and engage yourself to some one else for the next dance. I can assure you, Miss Chance, things are beginning to look serious because of you two."

"Go, Mr. Stanhope," I said.

"Never!" he replied in a tragic voice.

Nevertheless I took Mr. Lacey's arm, and left him, nodding a smiling adieu. We crossed the room, to where my aunt, with several dowager-like ladies were standing.

"Jean, you have been dancing without rhyme reason," said my aunt.

"Where is Claymore?" asked Mr. Lacey, "I intend giving this young lady into his care."

Mr. Claymore was a few yards in the distance, with a dark-eyed beauty in a purple, mist-like dress, hanging upon his arm.

"That is little Miss Clavel," said a dowager in blue brocade, following the direction of my eyes.

"Dressed in fine taste, isn't she?—the night-shade in her hair suits her dark, dreamy-looking face, exactly."

I spent the remainder of the evening in a corner, devoting myself to the scrutiny of those

face, exactly."

I spent the remainder of the evening in a corner, devoting myself to the scrutiny of those about me. When we were hooded and closked for our departure, Stanbops rushed up hurdents.

riedly.
"What I have suffered for your sweet sake?" he broke forth.

"I am glad you have acquitted yourself so nobly," I replied, laughing.

"What is it all about?" asked Mr. Clay-

more.

"Oh, only this:—I danced with Miss Chance several times in succession, and Mrs. Grundy talked of the matter, and then we were cruelly separated, and I was obliged to do penance in the way of dancing and flirting with every single lady present."

"You appear to have borne it remarkably well."

well.

well."

"Ah, so you think, Claymore; but I am not a
man to cry my griefs aloud."

On our way to the carriage, I accepted Mr.
Stanhope's arm, though Mr. Claymore had
offered his at the same time. I saw that the lat-

ward toe. He was very ashie, and I did not his to appreciate his good qualities, and I really unjoyed his sectory, but he had stove declared his love, and if he had, I could not have resurred his love, and if he had, I could not have resurred his if y sunt and I was carrying on a firmation with him and with Hr. Stanhope, and accordingly she attached me on the subject is this wise.

"How long do you intend hooping up this state of affairs, Jean?"

"What state of affairs, sunt?"

"What state of affairs, sunt?"

"Really, sunt, I see nothing objectionable in my conduct; so long as they are dispected to be agreeable, I certainly cannot be otherwise."

"Well, to my mind you are simply amoning yourself."

"Why what would you have me do, and?"

yourself."
"Why what would you have me do, anney?"
"I would have you act concisionaly! I as sure Mr. Claymore is only kept from speaking by your uncertain manner."

It was a large and beilliant party, and we were almost the last arrivals. I was soon surrounded by my friends, Mr. Stanbops foremost summy the number.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" I saked him.

"Oh, my enjoyment has been all in antideption; I have been pleasantly codupted in availting your arrival. What a rare little bouquet you have, it is the geen of the ovening; and allow me to say your dress forms the same otherwise were well as a select in the coher flowers. You will cortainly be wiscemed as a relief in the room; you will observe there is too much color and ornament. But these is the musle for a walts, is to flow for the room. I observed that not a few height eyes followed us in the dance. For a while I lost sight of Mr. Claymore the hest dance is the colored by all somes of gayety in which I might mova. In the midst of a gay conversation I said to Mr. Stanbopa.

"Mr. Claymore thinks us very gay, I suppose."

"Mr. Claymore thinks us very gay in the formal property death, your father set the room to where my aunit stood receiving her companion, and make a noble match, I think. He is always very attentive to her, is he not?"

"Yery!" I said, nibbling industriously at a bit of candide fruit to keep from laughing. "Mr. Claymore thinks us were to go through the sounds forced, must come and the continued of the sounds forced, must come and the continued of the sounds forced, must continue the continued of th about it. Seeing your father's enxisty, Mr. Claymore had begged him to leave his affairs entirely in his hands. He said, in return for his long friesdship; he wished to be allowed to care for us through our lives. He said his years and long standing acquaintance warranted his doing this, and that you should never know you were receiving anything at his hands. Your father consented, knowing the honor of the man in whom he reposed this peculiar trust; and at the same time begged me to consent for your sake. Do not billime me, child; you were too young, and had been too carefully reared, to be thrown suddenly upon the world. Mr. Chaymore has acted all along so as to prevent your suspicions; indeed his delicacy throughout has been extreme. He said he dreaded your prood spirit would not brook this even from an old friend."

spirit would not brook this even from an old friend."

"He is right!" I broke in, passionately. "Oh, how cruelly you have deserved me, sunt! How could you have allowed this? I would rather have died than accepted this at any man's hands. And this has been your anxiety? and perhape it is for this you would have me marry him. Truly, as you say, I owe him a debt—such a debt! I suppose he thinks he has a right to my favor, because of what he has done for me."

"Stop, stop!" cried my sunt. "I feared how it would be, but I cannot allow you to do him injustice; a more honorable man never lived. He never meant to take advantage of your love, and I am sure would rather forage it than accrifice his principles. I hope you will look at it in the right light."

"I will," I replied firmly. "You meant well, sunt, but it was misjudged kindness—not worthy you not me. I am glad, however, I now know all, so that we may redeem ourselves from the unworthy position we now occupy."

"What do you mean?" asked my sunt.
"I mean that our present life must case. I cannot consent to be fed and clothed by one upon whom I have no claim. Oh, how humilisting the thought is! I am young and streag, and have sufficient education and spirit to earn my bread, as many better women have done. This day begins a new ers in my existence. Mr. Claymore will perhape call this evening, when I must see him."

My aunt would have remonstrated, but I would

specified by the state of the said of the

"You have made me to despise myself," I cald; " in-merew I must attact forth and expision to my friends the peculiar elecumentanees under which I have been living; for to-merew I will decide upon my future."

He arcse in some agitation.
"So this is year decision."
"It is," I said. "Do you think I could still live on in this way? "It would kill me."
"I will heave you now," said he, "but to-merew you will talk with me yet further upon his subject."

I did not meach I have I had a measurement.

is subject."
I did not speak, I know I had no spore to say.
Is smitted for a moment, and then touching my

I arose, and went slowly to my nunt's room, he had gone to bed, feeling weary, she said.

"What terms here you agreed upon with Mr. livymere?" she seled, as I stood silent.

"Torms!" I replied, indignantly, "the terms etween us two are enmity, forever."

"I feared as much," she righed; "but whatever your feelings toward him may be, he will ever be any other than your best friend. Child, hild, your pride and passion are carrying you on know not whither. Retain this man as your risad, you will need him in years to come."

ald not answer, but leaned over and

sunt, don't talk to me so !" I cried. "I been but a faulty, wayward girl all my while you have borne with me in love and

ations."

I laid my check on the pillow beside here or a moment, and then with another good-night, out to my room.

Restless with the thought of the change thich was about to take place in my life, Feould at them.

which was about to take place in my life, I would not sleep.

I had been in bed perhaps two hours, when my aunt's hell was rung sharply. Starting in afright, I ran to her room. I called out as I entered, but received only a moan in reply. With difficulty I procured a light, and approaching the bedside, I saw that she was partly raised upon the pillows, and hrenthing with difficulty: while I yet leoked, she full suddenly back. I thought she had fainted; and arousing our only servant, I dispatched her for a physician, while I applied such remedies as I could think of. It appeared hours before the doctor arrived. When he looked at my nunt's face he started, and asked me some questions as to her previous health; then taking a glass from his pocket, he held it to her face. A second clapsed, like an aga, while I breathleasily watched him. When he raised his face, he said in a low voice, putting his hand upon my arm—" She is gone!"—it was her heart. I remember looking appealingly in his face, making an effort to spoak, and in the stillness I heard our old servant sob. Then all suddenly slipped away, and consciousness was not renewed till morning.

I full team dressed till morning.

in the stillness I heard our old servant sob. Then all suddenly slipped away, and consciousness was not renewed till morning.

I felt tears dropping upon my face, as my lost consess alowly returned, and opening my eyes, I found Mrs. Leosy bending over me. I lay quite still; I knew all that had happened; it came back as quickly as it had gone, but I neither meaned nor cried, the blow had been so great as to prestrate me. I heard the sound of callers at the door, and soft steps and whispers on the stairs, hat I made no morement of surprise nor pair. Those two or three dayagrith that strange shadow resting upon them, which are the longest in our life, pessed away. Some one thought for me, some one acted for me, and I remained painfully passive. But when my face, bright and soft with the house of life, touched that one which was rigid and selection in death, my grief broke its chain, and held passionate away.

When all was ever, Mrs. Lecey insisted upon taking me home with her, but I could not consumt for a little while. Humering my wishes, she last me, to reiter the seat day.

I was citting alone in the evening, when Mr. Claymers was anneamed. I met him silently, and while he held my hands in his be said with youning pity.

"It is too much for you; I wish I could hear!

"It is too much for you; I wish I could hear!

"It is too much for you; I wish I could hear is all for you?"

"After a white," I said with trembling lips, "after a white," I greet engage—new I sam assembly able to taken."

"Do not try to think," he replied; "give your-said up to be taken care of for the present, you need up to be taken care of for the present, you need to be the first which I have last; rooms impulse, attempted that which I have last; rooms impulse, attempted that which I have last; rooms impulse, attempted to the first time to attempted to the first time to attempted in the fact time to the first time to the first time to the fact measure of the fact; he was for my corn denting."

After the fact of the fact is pushed out like a findge-ling to try for my corn denting."

After the fact of the fact is said my companion, After my pushe (the fact my corn faction).

The total again ofter you friendly, for the whole of the your friendly, for the whole of the your friendly, for the whole of the your to be my offe, as he are for you as I only one; let up offe, as he are for you as I only one; let up offe, as he are for you as I only one; let up offe, as he are for you as I only one; let up offe, and any one of the latest and offe, and offe, and the latest and the late

difference I met, served to describe my de-rector.

I reacted I would assemed, and one day be such as these people about malls upon. In time, repry wave which for years had give over me, whether, and I became a rich and benergi-ted.

every wave which for years had gone over me, subsided, and I beamso a rich and hanough man.

"I was yet only making my way up, when I met year fisher in Lendon, where I was on business. He was the first man who ever met me upon that common level on which all mon chould meet. He had travelled and read much, were testes and sympathies were alike, and being thrown much late each other's society we seen because firm friends.

"You remember my visits at Brahowood? they were the first glesses of being, I capariy eachs at rest and happiness. You were a little child when I fact our you, at first shy of me, a stranger, but afterward free in my presence. In common with your father and sunt, I seen he came the sharer in all your childish plans, the appopulation in your patty joys and sorvers. Ah, you do not know what you were to me then, nor what you have been alsoe. All the love which had hale in my heart as a hidden miss, was suddenly discovered at your presence. You may have thought me coid and grave, and smeatimes indifferent;—why all your little words and actions are indelibly stamped on my inner heart. The necegary you gathered in the woods and laughingly pinned to my cout, are the dearest treasures I now hold.

"I never asked myself hop it was all to ond. I was satisfied to see and hear you day after day. If any thoughts of the time when you should be a woman, and leave the little circle where you then reigned, for a larger sphere, came up, I put it saids, as something I would not yet think about.

"You know all the rest. It has been that part wherein I have incurred grour bitter disples-

about.

"You know all the rest. It has been that part wherein I have incurred your bitter displeseurs. I ask you to forget this, and offer you home, rest, and love. You need these. You may not think so, but you do. You can make my lonely life to brighten and bloom, if you will. Have you listened to me?"

Have you listened to me?"

I had listened, with my face averted and my tears dropping. No woman can listen unmoved to the story of a man's life and love, however indifferent to him she may be. I knew well the worth of the man I was about to refuse, and it palsed me to pain him. He had risen, and was quietly pacing the floor with bent head. My aunt's words flashed across my mind—"Retain this man as your friend." A little feeling of softness rose, but I knew it was not love, so my pride came up and crushed it. No—though lonely, poor, and friendless, I would never take advantage of such generosity. Already I necessary myself that he had done a much for take advantage of such generosity. Already I secorated myself that he had done so much for me. The world should never say I married merely to continue the comforts I had always

merely to continue the common hadwa.

"You are silent," be said, pansing in his walk.

"Am I to hope from this?"

"No," I said slowly—"it cannot be. I do not love you, and if I did I could not marry you, because of the recojlection of all I have received at your hands. Ton are a nobile friend—better than I have ever deserved. You are anxious to apare me; I think it is even more pity than love which moves you to this offer. But be it as it may, I will never take advantage of jt."

He faced me suddenly.

"You do not understand me—you never will," he said warmly. "In years to come you may

he said warmly. "In years to come you may think with regret of that which you now reck-lessly throw away."
We were both silent; and when he again spoke, it was to ask, in his usual natural tone, if

be might hear my plana.
"I had thought," I replied, "of seeking employment as a governess—not a very enviable life, but the only one suited to me, as I was rithout a home."

without a home."

A look of pain crossed his face.

"At least you will not take any steps for a time," he said. "You will give yourself time for rest and thought?"

"To morrow I must look into my new life." go. Standing by my side, he suddenly took my hand and carried it to his lips, and then, in a voice which bore the sound of strong re-straint, he said:

"I would have given the world for this."

a voice which bore the sound or strong restraint, he said:

"I would have given the world for thia."

I was glad when the interview was over. Altogether it had been most painful, and I could not feel otherwise than unhappy.

The next day I paid a visit to Mrs. Lacey, before she had time to call upon me. She showed evident signs of surprise at my intended plans. I explained to her that my sunt had died without any other than personal effects; consequently I was left to my own exercions. With all the warmth of a generous nature, she begged me to accept a home in her family. Finding I could not be induced to accept it, she promised to interest herself in my behalf, only stipulating that I should remain with her till I found employment. I saw Mr. Claymore and Mr. Stanhope frequently. The former was grave and thoughtful as usual. A week had elapsed, and one day Mrs. Lacey brought me the welcome intelligence of a situation she thought might suit me. It was two miles out of town, and we rode out there together. An elegant, old fashioned place it was, finely situated.

I was not quite preposeessed with the manner of Mrs. Gloser; she was a trifle too condescending. However, I was prepared for much that was not pleasant; so, with a little inward sigh, I ambusted to be questioned and patronized.

I was to teach her two youngest children, girls of sight and tun years, and they were brought in to face that terror in the shape of a newgoverness Pale, subdued children they were brought in to face that terror in the shape of a newgoverness Pale, subdued children they were looking as though they had been acted friends, but they were cartainly very different women.

The terms having been agreed upon, I left with the understanding I was to return the following week.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The property of the part of th

I took him one would think he had engaged to teach two doubtfully-disposed children, such was his serious expression.

"I wish to Riseren it could be I, in your place!" he mid abruptly; and then he turned the conversation, talling me he had made all arrangements about the house, so that I meet give myself he sensors. I insisted that my piane and my annt's jewels should be sold to pay the expresses incurred at her death. He did not reply directly to this.

When the furniture was disposed of, I paid a last visit to the rooms where I had spent so many happy days. A few dead coals were lying in the grate in the parlor, and as I guard down at them, "To see like my yesterday's life," I thought; "all the light, warsth, and sparkle, gone for ever,"

Giving way to unrustrained tears, I was not aware that any one had entered the room till I heard a gay value.

"Tou stand like the princess in the describe," he said, and then eastching sight of my tear-stained face, his own grew narious. "I turned engerly, glid to have my sad thoughts broken in upon, and tagether we left the house. The sun was setting in glory, and the air bracing; and the gay talk of my companion soon served to beguile me. When we reached Mrs. Loosy's deer I war quite myself again.

"Will you forget your old friends in your new life ?" he asked, as we stood for a moment on the oteps.

"My old friends are more likely to forget me,"

or the steps.

"My old friends are more likely to forget me,"
I returned, gravely.

"Nay, to prove that false, I intend early outtivating the acquaintance of the young Glosers, be they amiable or otherwise."

"The rounce Glosers have two greens are head.

"The young Glenors have two grown up, han-tome sisters," I said, laughing. "Expellent!" he cried. "Be assured I sha never forget you;" and pressing my hand turned away smiling. (CONCLUDED MEXT WERE.)

Carno Sylvia to a reverend Dean-

"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a hely thing,
That there are none in Heaven?"
"There are no women?" he replied;
the quick returns the just—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

They cannot find a priest."

It is Walter Savage Landor, who says:
"Little men in lofty places throw long shadows, because our sun is setting."

If think I have seen you before, sir—are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

The Emperor Maximilian is aptly described as "the German emigrant who struts under the pilfred crown of Maxico."

The A young man in Winsted, Ct., named Churchill, undertook the other day to put a cat in a barrel, for the purpose of sending it to Hartford. While in the act the oat turned upon him, and with her teeth and claws literally tore his hands to pieces. his hands to pieces.

Prentice hopes that Grant and Sherman will cut Lee's force in two. Then Lee will be indebted to them fee an entire division of his

will cut Loe's force in two. Then Lee will be indebted to them fee an entire division of his army.

\*\*EF\*\* We frequently hear of our generals capturing "pieces of artillery." "What's the use of continually capturing pieces?" says Mrs. Partington. "Why not capture whole ones?"

\*\*EF\*\* A jockey furnishes some hints as to hew to sell your horse. "I tell you it's all by comparison—have the critier for sale long side of a secub—ain't one in fifty but what'll get fooled. They look first at the serub and then at the other, and they think is's a 'structionary critter. That'e the way I come is over Jenkins, the livery man, with that gray colt."

\*\*EF\*\* In 1840 the annual mortality of Paris was one person in twenty-eight; in 1863 it was only one in forty, and this great amelioration, notwithstanding an increase of inhabitants, is ascribed to improved sanitary arrangements, the extension and widenlag of thoroughfares, the opening of parks and the planting of trees. Paris, with a population of 1,696,141 possesses over five thousand serue of open ground, planted with more than one million of trees.

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\*\*Paris, with a population of 1,696,141 possesses over five thouse into which he had fallen. Jarvis, dropping his penell from the forehead of his portralt to the lower part of his face, said with a slight motion to the reversem sitter, "Will you be good enough to shut your mouth, Bishop?" By painting that feature, he change the subject.

\*\*EF\*\* A youth of sine or ten summers who attends the

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of which is FIFT-FIVE DOLLARS—on the follow-ing terms:—

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In the first of the above Clube, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of \$2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Twenty dellars in addition, will get a Muchine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-few dellars. If she gats thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dellars. If she gats thirty subscribers and Seventy-five dellars, the will only have to add. I'm Dellars to the amount, While if she guts forty asberibers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

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[17] In all causes the Muchine cent will be the regular

IT In all cases the Muchine cent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 2 Machine, sold by will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, bexed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

# JOURNALISM.

We are pleased to see the following views of the duties and interests of journalists uttered by The Press of this city, and endorsed by the New York Tribune:—

York Tribune:—

"It is the misfortune of the journalist that his own inclination makes him a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for those whom he should despise. It is the misfortune of journalism that an influence which, combined, would be irresistible, is wasted and fristerpd away by internal disservions. The strength and unity of sentiment that should be given to the public welfare is devoted to personal quarrels. This should not be. The mission of the press is too high and sacred to be thrown away in absurd countryersy. To the world at large such contests have no interest beyond the interest of the gossipers, and no effect but to bring our profession into contempt. What is there in the griefs of Hecuba that the people should weep?"

The Tribune further says, and is endorsed by

"We are not aware that the conductors of leading journals in any country but ours have had the bad habit of discussing each other's personal fistory, peculiarities, and physiognomies, instead of their respective positions and arguments. And, while we may have at some times been provoked to retort the personal assaults of our rivals, we have never been resouched to the system. We all know that they are not the most contents havyers who browbest and blackguard each other in trying their causes; and the precumption is very strong that those editors who delight in helding each other up to ridicale and reproduction are not the shining lights of their preferation. We hopelio see the day when

The of service and the part of the part of

## PUNERALS.

We call attention to the following very ble remarks from the Hartford Press:

ble remarks from the Heriford Press:

"A new and very sensible fashion is beginning to prevail in this city in regard to fenerals. It is this: The feneral services are held, the assembly is dismined, and all except the family and other relatives of the deceased return to their homes. Afterwards, the heaves and carriages come, and the body is accompanied to the grave by the family only. This gives the immediate relatives an opportunity "to take lave" of the deceased, and to perform the last effice privately; and in the case of families who are providely; and in the case of families who are provided; and in the case of families who are provided, or in only moderate circumstances, it saves much needless expense. A respectable funeral, economically managed, now costs \$75 to \$100, while if earriages are provided for all friends and acqualistances who choose to ride, the expense often amounts to \$300 or \$400. There is no reason why a family in affliction should be called upon to pay for aympathizing friends at the rate of \$1 each."

friends at the rate of \$1 each."

In this city the present cost of hiring carriages for funerals is from five to seven dollars apiece. Of course this is no fault of the livery-stable keepers, who are only sharging in accordance with their increased expenses. But why should a mourning family—often left in very moderate circumstances—be put by their sympathizing friends to the heavy cost of twenty or thirty carriages? The new Hartford custom, as noticed above, is a very sensible one; and though it is not entirely new in this city, where wany individuals have besitated for some time post to put their sorrow-stricken friends to a large expense, a wider adoption of it would be commendable.

Bibulous was staggering along the other day after the snow, when an avalanche from the house top thundered down, kneeked his hat over his eyes, sad himself to the ground. His admiration of nature was maintained to the last. "Splen'd 'splay," said he, getting up. "Snowing ver-hard, and air filled with meteors!"

"Snowing ver-hard, and air filled with meteors!"

EF Two hundred years ago the freemen of Massachusetts, voting in State elections, used corn and beans as indicative of year and nays, the corn being counted as yea and beans as may in the balloting; and when the beans were in the minority they acknowledged the corn.

EF Thackeray used to relate with great glee the fellowing humarous story:—"An Irish gentleman, well-known in town, and from whom the character of the Mulligan was partly drawn, walking in the park with a yeang friend, received a bow from Dean Stanhope, who was passing by, and said to his friend in a rich brogue, "That's a danc?" "Ok, no," replied the other, "yeo're mistaken; it's life, Stanhope, an Englishman." Upon which the offended Mulligan thundered forth, "Tie not a Dane of Somew that I mame, surr, but a danc of the Church!"

ESF A female operative in the Portsmouth, N. H., Speel Cotton Factory, having become "converted," sent back 16 3-4 dozen speels, saying in a note that her conscience would not allow her to retain it, but she reserved a few speels for her own use, and gave some away to her most particular friends!

her most particular friends!

23 An English paper recently received mys:

Skating is all the rage in New York, and the ponds in Central Park are covered till the park closes at night. The expense of keeping the pond is good condition is entirely defrayed by the mile of curia, benderus and waterfalls, which are event up by the basketful every morning.

morning."

EM An old gentleman named Powell, paralyzed, and only able to move on wheels, who had the question "popped" to him by his nurse, and accepted her, and them backed out of the engagement on advice of his friends, has been ordered by the Lundon courts to pay £2,000 to the lady (a Miss Lewis) for this breach of promiss. That shows the value even of a crippled

man.

[27] The captain of one of the English steamers running to Portland vuoches for the truth of the following good story concerning a sturdy young Hibernian who came over to this country in his only but returned on the fert home trip. Pat had never seen sleighing in the "Green Isis," and the ideas he inferred from it were not creditable to us as a people. "How is it that you are going home so need?" asked the captain, "you couldn't have used much if the country in the five days you were in port." "Path and I see'd enough of it," quoch Pat. "I went up town in Portland but once and made up me mind that people who were too blamed lary to put their carriages on wheels were not for the likes of me to be living among."

Eff. The client accomplish more neary. The tail of the rathemake malesies, but the limit does the execution Eff. The collect of New York are

On "opening day" at the fashionable milliners', and at all the up-town "New York" establishments there was a grand rush for "leves of bouncia," wholly irrespective of cost. The chape of the hats this season does not estentially differ from those introduced last autumn, with this exception, that they are smaller, and allow the hair to be functivally worn. The hat has no curtain, a hand with a how of narrow ribbon crowing the centre of the waterfull, or a fall of lane and flowers over it, being worn instead. There is no curtailment in the use of costly materials, which consist chiefly of maline and crupe. Chip size is in favor. Feathers are not much used, but flowers and lace predominate. Prices take a wide range—say from \$30 to \$100—which are paid by these who have nore money than brains. But one cannot expect to have all the good things.

ntil he received orders, and he had seted acordingly.

A court at Dayton, Ohio, has awarded a
oung lady there \$6,500 damages for hreach of
proteise of marriage. As the Mormon prescher
nid:—"Men is steares, and women is picesty."

Hen is steares, and women is picesty."

St. Fetersburg, has won much reputation lately
in the capital city of Prussis, where his advent
on the ice was witnessed by an immense concourse of people, who gased upon him with
open-eyed wonder. The king sent to him to give
an exhibition of his skill on the Royal Skating
Pond, and it is said that he is soon to receive a
magnificent belt of gold from several of the
mobility as an acknowledgment of his remarkable feats. The king christened him "Young
America."

America."

The king christened him "Young America."

The America "Blackwood professes to know all the English women abroad, who write travels, and he says "that they all sketch, most of them are short-eighted and wear thick boots and spectacles, very little crinoline, with what there is of it rather long. The younger ones are reserved, the older ones gushing."

The American Chivalan.—A recent Birmingham paper reports a case tried in that city before a police magistrate of "an American who was charged with attempting to rescue a disorderly woman from the hands of the police. Mr. Leouidas Wheat, the accused, cheerfully paid the moderate fine of 6s. for the assault, and declared that in all similar cases be would incur a similar risk without heeltation. In common with all his countrymen, he could not see a woman ill used without proteoting her."

What is the elevation of the soul? A prompt, delicate, certain feeling for all that is beautiful, all that is grand; a quick resolution to do the greatest good by the smallest means; a great benerolence joined to a great strength and great humilicy.

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Ball Dessure is Paris.—The Parisian journals are severe against the prevailing mode in toilettes de bal. M. E. Texter says in the Siecle: "What remains at the present day of women's dress is so small that it is hardly worth talking about. Ledies are almost attired like the satives in South America—with nothing but a necklace. Besides that such a style of dress may be made very rich, it has the advantage of covering but little; and at a ball where the best is always excessive, one cannot be too thinly clad!—M. G.

Colonel Hagh H. Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, a boy of twenty-three, who went into the regiment as Second Lieutenant, has grown to be Colonel by steady sourage and good conduct, and young as he is, has just been nominated Brevet Brigadier General. He is at home on furlough with his twelfth second, and is known as the looklest man in the army—not because he has twelve wounds, but because among them all he has lost nothing but a finger. He carries and will carry three or four bullets in his body.

JAN 27's "Enart, on Pance" for importing beauty and frenhance to the equipterion. The next send-frenhance to the equipterion. The next send-frenhance to the engister of the engister Email" without heditates. L'alimai is especially endersed by Hile. Ventuals, L'alimite Wenters, Hrs. D. P. Servers and many other hadins of heavily and inlent. Bold by skill Druggists Performers and Ladice Hair Densers. Orders by mall should be addressed to Janus & Rizen, Philade , Pa. merit-lin.

Democra. Orders by mail should be nearessed to Janus & Runs, Philisch , Pa.

Byyners or yn 2 Soule Partie or Oit. Syccus.—It is not comprising that the general development of prices consequents than the raped deciline in gold. during the past word, absold have borne down with it the ribes of viscus. There are one call interests, however, that have not know perceptibly affected in this way, not numerous others in which the deciline on only he beenparary, as, judging from their flividuoid, they have sover yet femined anything appreciation that the real value. To the subscribers to the other of the 'Campron Patrolaum Company,' of which Mr. Vance Stewart is President, it will be gratifying to learn that subscriptions have, if anything journ control that it is president, it will be gratifying to learn that subscriptions have, if anything journ control during the precent week, the whole subscribable amount of abaren being now acarly inham. A few days, will alone the Cock, when it is highly probable that the 'Cameron' will take its piste unlong the most popular and valuable stocks offered at the Board. We do hot see how it can be otherwise. Over forly new learns have already been given by the Company on the 'Heaver Fu m' alone, at wraysity of one-half the sil. Those, it is expelled the proposed and daylands have already been given by the Company's interest servers; hundred barred of oil per day lasted of three months from this day, and, in addition to this, an order has been given by the Board to have the cutter 'Secures' Parm'—the fee of which is owned by the Cameron Company—acres and the holes of which is developed to be a properly of one-half the oil. When this is a royally of one-half the oil. When this is a royally of one-half the oil. When this is a royally of one-half the oil. When this is a ray of the public. And as sile people begin to appear the public. And as sile people begin to appear the with fact, we are so comprised, as it with the below a reason of the people with the last five days. We may also sinte

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believe a police magistrate of "an American who was charged with attempting to rescee a disorderly soums from the hands of the police."

I'll Leonides Whest, the accused, observiolty paid the moderate fine of its for the assumption, the could not see the common with all this contrigence, the other in the common with all this contrigence, the could not see woman ill used without protecting her."

[I'll What is the cherton, the could not see woman ill used without protecting her."

[I'll What is the cherton of the coulf A prempt, delicate, contain feeling for all that is becaute it at the contribution of the coulf A prempt, delicate, contain feeling for all that is becaute it of a great beauty and great shown that the complexition is the chertonic to be a great the country of the smallest state of the composition in the country of the smallest state of the country of the country of the smallest state of the country of the co

## MARRIAGES.

On the 11th of Feb., in Frenchteed, Pa., by the Rev. Peter J. Cot., Mr. Jenn T. Williamson, of Williamsharegh, N. Y., is Miss Maky A. Jonkan, of Fallads.
On the 18th of March, by the Rev. A. Mweed, Mr. Barkaun Tyras to Miss Kana E renning, daughter of Daniel Richers, Roy., both of this only.
On the 16th of Missis, by the Rev. J. H. Semaked, Mr. Williams R. Williams, belle Rev. J. H. Semaked, Mr. Williams R. Williams, by the Rev. A. Missish, beth of Monigomery country, the Rev. A. Missish, Mr. Revict to Mr. A. Missish, Mr. Revict to Missish, Mr. Missish, Mr. Revict to Missish, Mr. Miss

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## LATEST NEWS.

The till the filter of the state of the stat

No new theatre will be licensed in England, unless the means of egrees are such as to secure the safety of the audience. The idea is worthy of insitation.

EW Everybody has noticed in Shakspeare and other old writers such odd expressions as "a blood?" "beath? These are the oaths of former generations, and are abbreviations of "God's blood" and "God's death." "Zounds," which is used even now, signifies "God's wounds," or "By God's wounds," "Od Zooks," another similar expression, means "God's Looks," or, as we would say in these modern days, "the countenance of God."

EW A man has declined being a candidate for office in one of the new states because he is not a legal citizen—has never paid tax or any other debt—owns no property—can't read or write—is blind—has but one leg—has leat four fingers from the left hand—has ten children, and can't leave home for fear they will abuse their mether.

and can't leave home for fear they will abuse

their mother.

EM The skating-club of St. Petersburg gave
a grand ball on the Nova. To the usual spiendur of this festival was added a magnifecent pavilion constructed of blocks of ice four feet
thick, which, being brilliantly lighted up in the
interior, produced the effect of a palace of
crystal.

crystal.

Capt. Walcott, U. S. A., who lost a leg at the type of the second here, has acquired such complete control of his artificial limb that he not only walks with a very elight limp, but can dense and state with much agility.—Fortland Transcript.

To politicians must beware of calling names. The jury in the Supreme Court, of New York, returned a verdict of \$20 in favor of one Alkins, (a lawyer,) against one Wm. H. Burr, for calling plaintiff a "traiter."

plaintiff a "traiter."

In the Gallery of the Convent of Jesuita, at Lisbon, there is a fine picture of Adam in Paradiae, dramed in blue brackles with silver buckles, and Ees with a striped petticost.

If An undergraduate of Cambridge bring examined for his degree, and failing in every subject upon which he was tried, complained that he had not been questioned upon the things which he knew. Upon which the examining the teacher tore of an inch of paper, and pushing it teacher tore of an inch of paper, and pushing it towards him, desired him to write upon it all he knew.

ALL-BOOM BEREITSCHROE.

ceiting up postingly, setting down doubting or card with a weebog laiding upwilled

Rising up buoyantly,
Breathing out joyantly,
or Mr. Baktason, what a relief?
Sparkling so wittly,
Moving so prettly,
ing my beart with an exquisite grief.

Pausing coquettishly, illurrying pottishly, as helds the horses so dear.

Argued litigiously,
Transured religiously,
my memory's innermost hall,
Descent Floretta,
Pil never forget a
of the rapture that night at the ball.

WILLIE.

WRITTEN POR THE BATURDAY EVENING POST, BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Bide by side with brawny, stalwart men, Willie Burton had passed bravely through more
than eas battle. But at Bermuda Hundred his
health gave way, and he was prostrated upon
his little berth in the hospital.

Always delicate physically, he suffered much
now, removed as he was from the tender, gentle
care of one at home, to whom, in his hours of
wildest pain, his thoughts now turned incesantly. A brave, determined spirit had enstained him until helplessness came, and then the
loving little heart yearned wiidly for sympathy—
for the sweet low voice and velvety touch of a
sister whose love had sheluered him from his
cradis. From the grave of a beloved mother
that sister had turned to her infant brother to
perform the lost mother's part, and he had
known so other love than here, no other shelter
than her faithful arms, until the boy was fired
with the spirit of the man, and he fied from
her side to the tensed field, where he sought
bravely to bear his part as a here in defence of
right.

Dev by day the hours rolled their slow lengths

right.

Dry by day the hours rolled their slow lengths along, and still poor Willie languished. The danger had passed; his life had been spared, but he did not rally repidly. An officer's wife, who frequently visited the hespital, being moved to pity at sight of the pale, almost girlish face of the boy, had taken pains to inquire into his history, and housen decale inquire into his or the boy, had taken pains to inquire into his history, and became deeply interested. She seem learned that it was homesickness which kept him so weak and feeble, and tried to comfort him with the hope of getting a furlough. She was the more earnest in her endeavors to do this, from the spirit of self-sacrifice be manifested. Once she had proposed to write to Chester, Pa., for his sister to-come and take care of him, but though his eyes brightened and his checks flushed rediantly, he refused with a deep eigh, saying andly: his checks flushed rem-bis checks flushed rem-deep eigh, onying early: she cannot come

"No she cannot come. I'll try to be patient until I get better, and can go home; then I shall soon get strong again."

"But why can she not come?" porsisted the lady, wishing to fally understand his motives, for it was evident to her no medicine would prove half so efficacions as his sister's measures.

would prove half so officecious as his sister's presence.

"Well, ma'am, you ose there are only us two, above Lulu and I, and she has always taken care of me till I grew up. Not quite a year ago our old grandithrer came to us, and he is very feshe. Sister taken the same care of him she would of a little babe, and he has no one olde to go to if the leaves him. If she came, the poor old men might die in her absence. I'd maker wait, ma'am, until I am able to travel."

With an impulse of enthusiasse, the lady bent outdonly and kinsed the fair brow of the boy, her own full of unshed teners. Often after that day she was at his cide, striving, by hopeful words, and many a pleasant little story, to divort his mind any a pleasant little story, to divort his mind any a pleasant little story, to divort his mind any the prov strong enough to walk about,

of old, while her greater that with more than usual interest. He know that with more than usual interest. He know that she means to sate for his therizongh that day, and he had faith in her power to do mything. The doctor who attended in his haspital was a hard, store man, and had answered graftly to him when Willle had once ventured to him thir doctor to go home on furiough. So he had shrunk away and waited for her mediation with a beaution day.

away and waited for her mediation with a beating hiert.

The came at last, passing to speak to him as she persed through the deer. She even half her little angleved hierd upon his hair for a memont, and stroked it with an almiest leving teach that filled the boy's heart with grateful emerica. As her supps suanded on the floor of the heapital in leaving him, he counted the minutes till she should return with the giad tidings that he might go home.

It seemed a long, long time; but she came out at last, her sweet face clouded with disappointment. As she met the eager gase of his bine 'eyes, saw the breathless look of fear and despair in them, a sob rose to her threat and the tears dropped fast over her checks.

"Never mind, Willie," she said at length, trying to comfort him. "I cannot get the surgeon to give you a leave now, but perhaps he will soon. He says he understands his colonel's feelings on the subject well, and knows he will let none of his men go just now, so a recommendation is ustaless. Tou have herne up bravely till now, my boy; do so still. I hope it will not be for long. I will try again for you when the decitor is in a better humor. Perhaps I shall succeed better."

But all her kind words failed to has the

But all her kind words failed to heal the round in poor Willie's heart made by this cruel slow. He sat like one stupified, with his face puried in his hands—his threat and brow throb-

wound in poor Willie's heart made by this cruel blow. He sat like one stupified, with his face buried in his hands—his threat and brow throbbing with pain.

That same day he was detailed for picket duty, and went to his post like a condemned wretch who sees no future before him.

Kany and bitter were the tears that rolled over poor Willie's pale cheeks as he paced back and forth beneath the trees which showered dewn their sparkling jewels upon him as the breese fluttered through the richly ladem branches. It seemed to him that all the world was dreary, all its people cold and unfeeling. Even Lulu had given him up, and he had not even an assuring line to coenfort him in his misery. It had been a long, long time since she wrote to him, and that letter had been half the cause of his homesickness, it was so sad. Ah, boy as he was, not yet beyond the limits of his fourteenth year, slekness had made him still more of a child, and it was no weader that he forget all the enthusiasm that had fixed his young blood, and wept for the loving care and sympathy he was never more to have!

Presently the clatter of a horse's hoofs reached his ear, and a incurent after, Willie's good angel reined in her stood at his side.

"What, tears, Willie!" cried Mrs. Wilson, cheerily, noting them still upon his cheeks. "O, fie! that is not the way to be a soldier! Remember everything that claims our sympathies become of our belief in its justice, is worth a sacrifice—aye! even of our dearest hopes and wishes. The day will come, perhaps, when you will be proud of this time, for you have borne nobly, Willie, though it almost cost you, your life. I can see and appreciate the struggle, and it shall go hard with me if others are not made to understand it too. You have friends here—good and noble ones who will not forget you, as day by day you help to fill the pages of history with some new deed of valor. Cheer up. I think I have something for you that will bring back the roses to your cheeks as they bloomed when you left Chester. Hee!" and she

able to thank you for your many kindnesses to me?"

"By casting aside those weary looks and being bright and hopeful again," she answered. "Now read your letter and I will stand 'sentinel' until you have finished," saying which she sprang lightly to the ground and fastened her pony to an overhanging bough.

Pacing slowly back and forth under the shadow of the trees, Mrs. Wilson watched the boy's face as he cagerly broke the seal to get at the contents. His lips were apart, his beautiful eyes wide and dancing, while his whole frame trembled with excitement.

But the very first lines dashed the color from his checks and filled his eyes with tears. With a groan of distress, he sat down upon a fallen log and dropping his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. Mrs. Wilson hastilly ploked up the letter which had fallen to the ground.

"May I read it, Willie?" she asked, her voice full of alarm.

"Yes"—he granted then achied more bitterly

"May I read it, Willie?" she nazed, nor voice full of alarm.

"Yes"—he gasped, then sobbed more bitterly than before.

"Poor child," she murmured as she read, "no wonder such a letter should break his heart! Oh, Lulu Burton, mistaken girl, you do not know what you are doing—to what you will drive him if this is the way you write."

know what you are doing—to what you will drive him if this is the way you write."

Alsa, no! Nor did you, kind Mrs. Wilson, fearful and saxious as you were! But upon the heads of all was doomed to fall a fearful blow, and who shall say it was not precipitated by the tone of that letter?

From beginning to end it was a repreach, a wall of wee and anguish. She chided him for the rash, wild step of leaving his home for the perilous field. Her anguish at his flight was dwelt upon at length; her loneliness detailed, has expressions of love levish, ending with the assertion, that all of this had prestrated her upon a hell of sickness where she pined from day to day for a night of her hop-brother's face—her little sestling's voice.

This to come just at this time, when the poor hoy needed all his courage to eastain him, and the halp of all he level headless, was too much for his heavy heavt to hear. It drove him to desparation, in spile of the noothing tones of the nooble woman at his aids, who with loving words, knowing his sore need, strove to win him away from the agent that heite had called up.

I like the task of recording what angule witnessed in that hour, for it was a neble deed, and it was a woman, firm, true and feeslass, who performed it.

more than children, with calering worth of level and accompanies to help than a. All that we hard the country of level and account to the country of the cou

well as to sweeze and comfort as much as she might.

Gradually she led him down, step by step, to the present moment, where she showed him the most of a like highl of devotes, a theroughly unselfast principle—a total secrifice of personal feeling, for our sountry's aske. It was not for the triumph of a day or a weak, but for all time. It was foever to sweep a curse from the land, and parify it from the stain of an unpersonal insent. The nought to entite his period as well as his patriodies, and paint the glow of lay he would feel in looking back upon the pariflous paths he had treedden in defineer of his country. Finally her words were of love, and trust in a higher power, pointing him upward with that faith which gives no strength to bear all things. As she took his hand and revoreantly husli with her carnest face upturned, Willie bared his head involuntarily, listening to the sweet words of patition which how his name heavenward, as to the voice of an angel. When she rose to leave him, all his nature was softened and subdupt—he was even settled with his fate, and conscious of the resolve to look steadily to his duty, forgetful of all also.

As her house's retreating evens heaven fainter

nature was softened and subdued—he was even esticated with his fate, and conscious of the resolve to look steadily to his duty, forgetful of all cles.

As her house's retreating evens became fainter and fainter, a light was fading from poor Willie's sky. Not that her influence wanned so seion, but just then he should not have been left to himself, and allowed to go back to what was so painful.

But there was Lulu's letter lying upon the ground, which he spurned with his foot impatiently as his eye full once more upon it, immediately after which act of indignity, he caught it up in removes and pressed it to his lips. Then he opened and re-read again the corrowful contents, while his great, loving heart swelled almost to breaking over the picture it drew of her sufferings mentally and physically, with no one near to comfort and ald her.

A few lines panned crosswise the well-filled sheet, had not been read by sither Willie or Mrs. Wilson at first. Now they added the last argument to a resolve formed in Willie's mind before he knew it. They ran thus:

"It seems very hard to me, when our streets are filled with hundreds of young, strong, ablebolied men, who have no families and few duties to keep them from the field, that they should shun it, while my one little brother—my sole dependence, and in whom all my hopes were centred, is far away from me, placed beyond the possibility of my care, no matter what happens. And oh, Willie, I am sick, and need your help so much! Why are you not here?"

Had Lulu Burten's good angel departed from her whom she wrote that lotter? Had Willie's guardian flown when he read it? Oh, Father, Thy ways are not as our ways—Thy wisdom inscrutable!

Is the course of an hour or two, Willie was relieved from plekst duty; but when Mrs. Wilson inquired for him the following morning, he was newhere to be found.

Yes, Willie Burten had deserted! He never reached home: They captured him before he got fairly beyond the boundaries of the army, and took him beach as a prisoner, confined him for trial

than death. But at last it was over; and the judge sentenced him to be shot!

It was a hard thing thus to find him guilty and pase judgment upon him. Mrs. Wilson begged for his life bravely, pleading the palliating circumstances with an eloquence that brought tears to the eyes of all who heard. Even had this not gone far to soften their hearts, they could not have looked on the slight, boylsh forces weakened or was believed.

brought tears to the eyes of all who heard. Even had this not gene far to soften their hearts, they could not have looked on the slight, boyish figure, weakened and wors by illness, without the profoundest pity. Still their duty was plain. His guilt was beyond doubt, and the discipline was rigid. It was beyond their power to infringe the Article of War which passed somenot of death upon the deserter; and all they could do was to recommend him to the mercy of the commanding General, in whose hands the boy's life was laid.

Mrs. Wilson heard and her checks blanched to a deadly whiteness when she saw the frail chance for salvation. Little hope was in her heart, but the wan face of the victim—the picture of the sick sister and her helpless charge in the lowly home were too much for her kind nature to bear, without one more effert; so she sought the presence of the commander.

There were others besides who could not hear to see this young life blown to the winds in a volley of musketty. Officers and men whe had learned to love the brave little fellow on the march and in the camp, took it upon themselves to plead his cause with the vain hope of success. Yet had they as well appealed to the sun for aid, as for pity for Willie Barten. Child as he was, he was doound to an ignominious death—that death hassessed by the very carnestness of the appeals for mercy. Some raw troops had just been brought in the field, and in a rage, the command was given that in twenty-four hears the deserter should be shot for an example.

It neems to me as I write, that a fiend must have attended that man who could so abuse his power by so cruel on act I Had he no human feeting in his heart? Did no fair child faces look up to him in his far off home, or loving eyes soften his nature to a capacity for human symmathy? Did the enume for which he professed to labor require the morifice of this noble young life, for one hour of weakness, while many into wflose hands mush of treat was given, led their faithful men, like about. Willie was to close

his eyes were the position world and a beight hoped Backer. As if in pity, the own valled with momental elevate, and a low algebra through the ireas. In that describe his thoughts turned language to less. Lain now not descended anything of tragic scene. With a value being lar process move of his approaching trial was withheld bur, and after his containen was passed, so was given to inform her of white was common on that day. Perhaps in was an well, butter. What loving heart could, house, on that day. Perhaps is was an well, butter. What loving heart could, home by it? How double she have lived thought then with her apparent from the sound with her apparent from the interest of modelines, when headen sity, the downess of witch the piece his better he might be put to a chamachi death because his love for bosself? Could she have here hear the slow, and munici, the measured truth the readless, even in finger?? And or what we have accord her heart from beecking when hear accord her heart from beecking when

"Oh, Lulu, sisry, good-bye?" and then there was an awful hush, a signal, and a load crash of fire-arms. The child by torn and mangled upon the ground, but his soul had gone home to

upon the ground, but his soul had gone hou God. I have no heart to write more of this fe thing, but I try to pray that one in whom no beerey was found, may not at God's mercy seat plead as value for pity, as those who sued for the life of Willie Burton.

LITTLE AMY.

BY MES. M. A. HEYDON.

Very brightly fell the sunlight On the golden waves of hair Very brightly fell the sunlight On the baby forehead fair.

Budding roses lay beside it, Valley lilies—pure as pearls— Myrile leaves all fresh and dewy, Clustered 'round those golden o

Very still, and fall of beauty,
Was the little Amy's rest,
Twas so calm, the fleecy muslin
Did not move upon her breast.

Quiet lay the dimpled fingers, Clasped together as in prayer, Still as they were frozen sunbean Lay the waves of sunny hair. Day went out in crimson glories,

Sun unto the night gave place; And the moonlight and the starlight Lay in silver on her face. But no moon, or sun, or starlight, Oped the softly folded eyes; Not a sound of love or sorrow

Stirred the deep tranquillity. All our loving cares for Amy, Must forever—ever cause. God has stamped her baby forehead With His everlasting peace.

South American Civilisation;

Glances and Glimpses at Agriculture, Arts, Architecture, Education, and Demestic Beon-omy in Brazil, Buenes Agres, Bunda Orien-tal, Chili, Bolivia, Peru, and Equador, as Seen and Noted Down.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

Mochanical Ingonuity—Hond-work—Nothing Like Leather — Brazilian Washwemen— Country Conveyances.

In some of the minor braches of mechanics, the natives of Branii exhibit perhaps as much skill and tact as the people of any other country in the world. Their genius, however, always seems to lead them in the direction of some light, fanciful fabric, involving ne material outlay of energy or physical exercise; hence their excellence in fabrics of slight public importance, as, for instance, the manufacture of jewelry and of fancy wares, feather flowers, and fine toilet articles. But in mills, machinery, carriages, railroads, lecomotives, steamships, and all the heavier branches of mechanics, they are notoriously wanting in espacity. This condition, however,

cles. But in mills, machinery, carriage, rairoads, locomotives, steamships, and all the heavier branches of mechanics, they are notoriously wanting in eapacity. This condition, however, is not so much due to their native indolence as it is to the fact that the national necessition have as yet made no imperative call upon their mechanical energy.

Until within a very recent period, all the transportation in the cities of Brazil, even in the great commercial marts, was performed by slave porters, capable of carrying immense loads poised on the head, while any article too weighty for that mode of conveyance was slung with ropes, to which levers, or wooden stretchers, were attached, and these being shouldered at the ends by burly porters, the suspended commodity was borne triumphantly along.

All the coffee shipped from Rio Janeire goes first to the Consulado—the government export warehouse—where it is inspected, appraised, the rate of export duties fixed, and is then sent to the Priene, or landing-place opposite the loading port, to be lightered off to the ship lying at anchor. And ever since coffee was shipped first from Rio, until recently, every bag of the material was transported from the Consulado to the Priene—nearly a mile—on the heads of negro porters.

A brigade of these sable coffee carriers was a study for a foreigner from any land of drays. A hundred or more brawny, half-maked Africans, all with she'ss of coffee polard upon their heads, marshalled into semething like military lines, and on a degetest, following a burbarian band, rattling out Honambique and Hones music from calabaches filled with pubbles, peas, and bits of glass; reads, of the or weed, like sricked peany trumpets, aquesting out turned interminable, without a tarx in a hundred miles of them. They there is the inevitable Obi Chant—a thousand steams in the repetition of ten distinct sounds, which, represented by latters, would read them:

Easari—Ob by divah-do-la, Obi—con—

read thus:—
Zawari Os by divab doe is, Obi concos ash II well Oco dob Zir | The
Zir comes in only after the chiani and coffee here
been carried forward a quarter of a mile, and

Anse role or on comes grounds "— (The American eno-whosted eart is a grand thing.)

All itiquement venders of all sorts of commodition to receive the more populous pertions of the employ with pack horses, or males, boundlied with immence permisers of raw hide, in which their sundry wares are transported. A house or mule thus indexed reminds one of a diminative seems to gwelged in between two bulky hips, dragging them against whad and tide. Batchers, hakers, groungrocers, and all corts of tradesmen in cities, thus serve their customese from huge hairy baskets on horseback. In inhert, leather, or the material of which leather is made, is of universal utility. A consting inside fits out his golds or potent, and all her running rigging is of raw hide. A miller needs a set of grain or seen sachs, and a raw hellockte hide affords the material. A rural roof becomes leady—titles are not at hand; and a dry hide forms a convenient patch. A Bahla or Fernanbuco dealer wishes to blacch his sugars for a foreign market, and he covers the footway in front of his establishment with hides, exposing his sugar thereon, not only exposed to the rolarists, but to the pawing and digging of flithy ours, the gambels of little naked niggers, and the cryshing process by the fact of passing pedestrians. In brief, the uses of raw hide are so numerous that to simply name them, would fill a larger volume than I intend ever to write.

Let a stranger from any Christian country of washboards and improved laundries but witness a single half-hour's performance of a Brasilian lessadoirs, and if any of his own wardrabe happens to be undergoing purification by her process, he will naturally regret that shirts, wests, pantialouns, and women's apparel generally are not made of raw hide fabric. No material less enduring will bear the strain of a Brasilian lessadoirs, and if any of his own wardrabe happens to be undergoing but his washwoman would do, than you could permade her to sweeten her coffee with gum earaphor.

Main strength and coold water is abu

sighteen pieces would occupy her some, every day through the week, and on the following Sab-bath morning we would get our change of ward-robe. No more marked is the difference between the Brazilian washwoman's method of cleansing linen, and the improved manner of doing the same thing in our own country, than exists be-tween the vehicles of Brazil and of the United States.

States.

In Rio de Janeiro there is a line of New York built omnibuses which ply between the city and Bols Foys, a suburb lying along the harbor shore between Rio and the "Bugar Loaf," at the entrance to the bay. Then his imperial highness, Don Pedro Begunda, has his stylish European built carriages, besides several foreign residents of the capital keep their coaches, as do also a few of the Cavica "monsy kings;" but go out into the interior of the country, and a wheeled vehicle of any sort, other than the clumsy ex carts of rade construction, is as rare a sight as icicles in India.

To convince ourselves that the Brazilian cart

a sight as icicles in India.

To convince ourselves that the Brazilian cart wright has not quite arrived at perfection in his calling, let us look on while he achieves an or cart, a fair representative of its class all over the empire.

The wheels, he hews solid from a tree of the largest diameter obtainable, and if not sufficient to give the required size, a segment is occurrely trensited to the side, and the whole made at nearly round as the builder can guess at a circle, though they are far oftence pear or engagement, then a perfect circle. In thickness, about test inches in the standard—rather a bread if trend' cortainly. The axis is a large square beam of the very hardest wood of the country, and instead of being reunded at the ends like any circlined axis, it is surriced its whole size, aquare through the whale the whole recovering together

Then seriousing one and of a plout lades to the one of the hide, he seemen the other to the omnes of the high qualred liperate societie, and securite his horse and gallops gally away to arked, trailing at the distance of several ards behind him his novel vehicle, which glides wer the ground almost in lightly as a skate ree ins.

over the ground almost as lightly as a skate over fee.

Hot always, however, does the componeiro bring his camp into port intest. Indeed he commitmes comes in "flying light," as callers say. I have men a restle cavaliero clased by frequent inhibations from his flast of cases, some dashing into town, at a furious gallop, rearing away at some methaterie's eneg, and his raw-hide stell divested of every atom of lading, sailing along clear from the ground, behind him; swaying and sweeping from side to side like an ill balanced kine run urany. He has unconsciously contrared by the wayside not only his stock in trade; but purhape a wife and some half a dome.

muchancles.

In all the cities and larger towns of Brazil, the codes or seden chair is still in common un. These are a very comfettable, exclusive, and at the same time not an extravagant method of taking a ride; as one may be beene a league on the absoluters of two brawns magno bearers, for Anne actoin, just the price of a ride in one of our city passenger cars. Besides you are sevened from the chairman of the straight of the

jaunt.

The travelling rule throughout the empire, where there is no extraordinary luggage or merchandine to be transported, is to journey on horseback; and as there are no more accomplished equestrians anywhere in the world than the Brazilian componence, both male and female, they think as little of setting out on horseback for a social visit to friends or relatives living a hundred miles distant, as we, in the United States, would of performing that distance by the express train.

express train."

Traversing wide pampas, wading rapid streams, campering through leagues of uninhabited press, scrambling over ragged sterras, steeping a the open sir, and dining in the saddle, are bridents of Benzilian travel too commonplace for comment.

cidents of Brazilian travel too commonplace for comment.

The Brazilian woman of the interior always uses two stirrups to her saddle, and is invariably a fearless, dashing rider, managing her fiery, half-tamed steed with consummate skill; and as the is usually an expert with knife and lasse, there are few indeed of the ordinary vicinalizeds of travel that she is not well qualified to encounter. In many a "helter-skelter" hunt, or rough day's march, I have ever found the potticoated persion of our cavalcade the last to complain of fatigue or shrink from danger.

In all such jaunts the cavalcade is accompanied by sumpter horses or mules, bearing such articles as may be necessary to the comfort of the travellers.

BY M. ABBURY.

stand beside his elbow-chair, I stand beams one stood-chair, My hands rest settly on his halr— Hair whose silver is dearer to me Than all the gold of earth could be— And my eyes of brown Look tenderly down

The firelight leaps, and laughs, and warms-Wraps us both in its rudey arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old heaEncircling us both,
Like a ring of troth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace, Wrinkles rest on his kindly face, His brow no longer is smooth and fair, For Time has left his autograph there; But a noble prize,

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands, Browned by the san of other lands, In tender clasp on my own to lay, "How long ago was our wedding-day?" I smile through my tears, And say, "Years and years, John, dear John."

We say no more, the firelight glows, Both of us muse—on what?—who knows? My hands drop down in a mute careas, Each throb of my heart is a wish to bless With my life's best worth The heart and the hearth Of John, say John.

gg A little girl had seen her brother playing with his burning glam, and heard him talk about the "focus." Consulting the dictionary, she found that the focus was the place where the rays met. At dinner also announced that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father saked her what it was, said she said it was the word "focus," and that it meant a "place where they raised calvas." This, of course, relied a great laugh, but she produced her dictionary proof. "There," she said, triumphantly, "focus, a place where the rays meet. Calves are meet, and if they raise meet, they raise calves, and so I am right, aren's I, father !"

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR 'OF "DENIS DONNE," &s.

CHAPTER LIVE

CHAPTER LIVI.

There was a execute, suffer andmost in the years after Frank Burgeyes, took his leave of them that merring. It raws and fell with more pathers, than before, for Linley felt that the postey means who was living temperately with them the historypeies, though the interruption bad some in a guine fely emongh to have wen in fergiveness from alsolymber execute out of every institute. There was a dulost finitely in this Line, that had been very inflations for some never to forget that she was theirly, and to leave rether than he left.

"I suppose it's time to go in and look for your harband and lanchout ji's nearly one o'ticot," Mr. Linley remirbed, looking at his wealth.

like an exotic, and this is how she rewards him. Oh! I have no patience with it!"

Mrs. Yaughan had had small patience with all things alone Frank Burgoyne had cracked nuts for Bydney; none at all with Theo's pallor and cocasional depression.

"I am very serry that I don't look as I ought to look, Aunt Libby," Theo replied.

The repreheasable pallor had given way to a searlesf flush at Mrs. Vaughan's declaration to Kata, to Kate who knew better, to Kate who knew all about it, that she (Theo) had never known a care or sorrow in her life, and that ahe had been tended like an exotic.

"I must say good-by new," Kate said, rising." I can only hope that the bloom requisite for Theo's assablishment will come back when the antumn is over. We shall see you to-morrow at two, then? There will be a cavalier for you, Theo—an interesting one, with his arm in a sling and melancholy in his eyes."

"Oh! Frank Burgoyne, do you mean?" Bydney and with animation.

"Yes, I meet Mr. Burgoyne, Mrs. Galton ropled sweetly, but through all the sweetness she contrived to make a tone of amused surprise run at Miss Scott calling him "Frank Burgoyne," Bydney detected that tone instantly, and fait kessely that it would impart a rich favor to the story when Mrs. Galton about tell it to the man now spoken about.

Need I say that after this Miss Scott lavished no great amount of good feeling on the pretty woman who was always in such full possession of her senses, that she never lapsed into Christian-naming men, however intimately she might think of them.

Is addition to the car to which the lay yony belonged, the Vanghans kepta hooded box upon four wheels, known in the village as "Our carriage." Theo had viewed it surreptitiously through the half-open dones of the chaines, howeve not not or three consistence of the chaines, house on two or three consistence of the chaines, house on two or three consistence of the chaines, house on two or three consistence of the chaines, house on the viewed it surreptitionally through the half-open dones of the

on account of a lively remembrance she had of her want baseing more a stammar of federic indication to all stands teated on the part of parts. This day, however, on which they were to go to be insulation at Learned, There mode its nearest comparisonment, and the was fails to conduct, after a few makes drive in it, first evenich, and the was fails to conduct, after a few makes drive in it, first evenich, and the was fails to conduct, after a few makes drive in it, first evenich, and the was fails to conduct, after a few makes and the was fails to conduct, and the was fails to conduct, and the was sent of first levely with her beauty the sent of the levely with her beauty with the beauty of the sent of the levely with her beauty with her beauty with her beauty do sent of the levely with her went of the pains of history of the pains of his of the pains of his pains of history of his choulders, and the beauty of the way and the pains of his pains of his

will see your first bearing the same of the state of the same of t

or not.

"No, we have no one to wait for. No probability of Ffrench coming, I suppose?" Mr. Linley asked carelessly, turning to Frank Bur-

heart,—"O, Harold, why won't you tell all, and less all, and let the world say the worst?"

That there was gloom and constraint over all things was visible enough to others besides Theo. Kate was annoyed by what had passed relative to Harold Ffrench. She was annoyed at Harold Ffrench's having elected to stay at Maddington, instead of having come on to Lownda to see her. She was annoyed with Linley for having addressed Theo in tones too low for her (Kate) to have caught the sense of them several times. Above all she was annoyed at the prospect that loomed before her, of having to entertain Mrs. Vaughan for so long a period as that cetimable matron might choose to remain there. For Theo was palpably new—for some reason or other that remained a secret to Kate—abcorbed with Linley. And Frank Burgoyne would probably devote himself to Sydney, when the loc of reserve that was over all just now should be a little thinner. The gentlemen remaining would be her own husband and excellent Mr. Vaughan nor her husband had been in the list of her panaceas for the woe of this luncheon, when the obligation of presiding over it had been finally thrust upon her.

As for Sydney Roott, she was laboring under a sense of most cruel injustice. That nurting episode and two or three brief chance meetings since it, had made her very intimate with Frank Burgoyne. He had shown himself willing to come round entirely from the side of her friend Theo to her own. He had paid her many compliments, buttoned many refractory gloves in her service, and been generally devotional to her, in a way that had made her remember keenly that he was Lord Lesborough's heir. She knew by experience what these long hours in a shooting-hox, with a luncheon as an excuse for them, are almost sure to bring forth. She had gone with high hopes, she had gone prepared for anything saye finding Frank Burgoyne distraught to the

might strike her father, she felt pitiably helpless and uncertain how to act.

If he had some knowing that she was there, and designing to see her, he had erred, in that he had been guilty of something underhand. She could not bear to think this of him; she put the fear of it away from her resolutely, and told herself that he had some in ignorance, and that he would go to moorrow perhaps, and spare her the pain a meeting here, a meeting new, must cost her. She looked up, disturbed by a slight cound, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne had come over, and was standing by her side.

"Ffrench did not know you were here, Miss Theo, till Ethel told him this morning," he said, and Theo drew a breath of relief that was a half sigh, and replied:

"You say so—you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I would have affirmed it before this, and more solemnly, had I known that you attached such importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it. Mr. Burgoyne, and I think you know why," she said, quickly. She was longing to test his knowledge to the utmost; she was capable of ruthlessly probing her wound for the sake of finding out whether or not Frank Burgoyne was whoily in Mr. Linley's comfidence.

He blushed more than the girl before him as

not Frank Burgoyne was wholly in Mr. Laney a confidence.

He blushed more than the girl before him as she spoke, he knew well how this must pain her, and he was so sorry for her pain.

"De forgive me," he murmured, earnestly; "I had no right to broach the subject; but I do know enough, Theo, to make me feel sure that the assurance of the truth, the assurance, that Mr. Ffrench did not know you were here, would be accessible to you."

"Then you knew that I..." she stopped, half choked for an instant, and the blood rushed up in a flood to her brow. "Then you knew that I... thought myself engaged to him duce?" she went on, in a voice that she strained so hardly hand the strained so hard to steady, that Frank felt more than pity

"I know that he was engaged to you, and

CAPEL I, THE

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

in displayer to the extent of his knowledge, and the latticed window, and talked to here the actions the best of the latticed window, and talked to here the displayer of intifferent things, looking the against his will the while as East, who his met. He suited but watch her and here all the lattices are the sold; and strategies, and helf mears at these to self; and weath them still, and family gird are in his heart for not playing one of them you him. He shaled under her neglect, at the appendance of or week more helic, the tagger men." He set himself to watch here by; he pried to detect the minutest atom of marking or merality in Mrs. Calten's manner specification or unreality in Mrs. Calten's manner than a falled in detecting might that I have put him on his guard, the ledy was and to move and haffle all mapiatem of this watch do not not and haffle all mapiatem of the mover of here heling other than the undered of pure and simple offspring of her feelings risk him.

pure and simple emprons
is him.
Voughan had thought of ordering her
ye directly after luncheon, for she was
and weary. The day had been a failure,
and weary. fre. Venghan had thought of ordering her riage directly after luncheon, for she was ren and weary. The day had been a failure, utter failure, in her estimation. Frank Bur-me had been planted as far from her niece as a possible at the table. Those and her host is spoken in low tenses; her best can had not m suffered to see the light; and Mrs. Galton publy was as no pales to entertain her (Mrs. taghan.) The same of these crile was upon strongly as they came back into the room in the cakes rafter, and it caused her to tall. Vanghan that she should order the carriage, go home at once; and why they had come for one could not tall, for certainly they were wanted.

not wanted.

"It will encrosely do to go just yet, will it, my donr?" Mr. Vaughan had repiled, and there was something about his manner of saying it that showed Mrs. Vaughan that the day had not been such a failure to her lord and master as it had been to herself. In truth he had been discussing church-rates and parechial matters generally with John Galton, and was very happy, and in no hurry to be put away on the hack seat of the carriage and galled by the cap-box again.

"Whather it will 'do' or whether it won't

"Whether it will 'do' or whether it won't (and why it shouldn't I should like you to tell me,) I shall go at once," Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined. But just then Frank Burgoyne followed Theo to the window, and Mrs. Vaughan resolved to be all the thoughtful relative, and to bear her bonnet and Kate Galton's neglect for yet another like a while.

bonnet and Kate Galton's neglect for yet another little while.

For Kate, graceful lady, charming bostose as she was, and could be at times, was negligent of Mrs. Vaughan. She had not wanted Mrs. Vaughan and her party here, and now that they were here, she lat it be seen, not that she had not wanted them. Yaughan and her party here, and now that they were here, she lat it be seen, not that she had not wanted them," she was too well-bred for that, but that she lamented this incapability, but still was helpless. "It's a cruel kindsess saking people to come so far, and having nothing to assume them when they do come, Mrs. Vaughan," Mrs. Galton said conce to Mrs. Vaughan," Mrs. Galton said conce to Mrs. Vaughan, "I sm afraid you find it very dull." Then Mrs. Vaughan had rejoined, "Oh! pray gon't mention it: very nice and pleasant, I'm ware," and lad thought that were Mrs. Vaughan properly afflicted with fears as to list being dull she might ask her to "walk round the garden," or, "look into the dairy," or, "see the house," or propose any of the meny other things ladies of an inquiring turn of mind and an active habit of body like to do when they find themselves in strange quarters. But there was no dairy to see at Lownds, and Mrs. Galton would not have officed to do the honors of it had there been ene; and as for walking round the garden, she read at a glance that Mrs. Vaughan would have bored her as to the names of flowers and plants. Therefore Kate did not propose any of the pastimes that Mrs. Vaughan had come to occalder customary in a country house, and so Mrs. Vaughan felt herself neglected, and cast about for a vessel on which to wreak her wash.

Theo was employed profitably, her aunt hoped,

hease, and so Mrs. Vaughan felt herself neglected, and cast about for a vessel on which to
wreak her wrath.

Theo was employed profitably, her aunt hoped,
harmlessly she could but see, with Frank Burgoyne in the window. The legal recipient of
her sorrows and angers was deep in the discussion of a large-hearted scheme for the furtherance of decency and order in laborers' cottages.

Is wounded his wife to see him so rosy and comfortable while she was crimson and uncomfortable; it hurt her that he should be discoursing
in such a friendly spirit with the husband of the
woman who was leaving her to her own devices;

Wr. Linley;

Mr. Linley;

one of the family, but was with the napher that flyding had proposed conversing principally to day. Twiss Mr. Linkey attempted to draw her into the conversation with Rate and himself, but Kate did set hack him, and flydingy did not respond. She had, no intention of playing vound to Mrs. Galton, so she made her answers to his polite attempts in good-compared mismolylishes, and wates.

Byding had a marvellous power of looking height, and smooneered, and good-compared, when in reality she was none of these things. She was none of them new, so I have shown, but she seemed them all; even close-eighted Mr. Linkey thought so, when he passed near her to get a sersen for Mrs. Galton, and she (flydney) said to him,—

"Vary jelly it is, being here."

Her tone challenged an answer quite as such as her words, and after giving Kate the serven he came back to make that answer, standing hefere her in the way she liked to see men stand—in a way that showed lookers on they may devoting their words to her alone, and looking down at her youth (she was redolent of that same wonderful spirit of youth) with the admiration those alone can feel for it who here left it behind.

"I was afraid you were not faciling is joily

It behind.

"I was afraid you were not finding is joily at all. I am an old bachelor, and I forgot that when I invited a couple of pretty young ladies I ought to have provided against monotony reigning by inviting a corresponding number of cavallers."

"Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley," (she was franker than ever, for she was resolved not to lapse into obscurity again.) "Well, I wish you had thought of it, Mr. Linley, for my sake."

"I will be more provident the next time you honor me," he replied, and there was ever so small a tone of chagrin in his voice. He had hardly anticipated the pretty first telling him so jauntily that she wished for the socity of another man, though he had been neglecting her.

"That is right, do," she answered, and then

man, though be had been neglecting her.

"That is right, do," she answered, and then she lowered her voice, but not her eyes, and went on, "and then perhaps Mrs. Gelton will be good enough to monopolise him, and leave me a chance of having a word with you, Mr. Linley, for you're the oldest friend I have here, you know," she went on pathetically, "except Theo, and I only knew her one day bafore I knew you."

knew you."

When she said that, Mr. Linley remembered the night on the terrace, and the house him other day, and the way she had thrown him over them for Frank, and many other little episodes in this young lady's life that he had marked. He recovered the judgment he had nearly lost when she seemed to be frankly lamenting that there was no young cavalier here this day. He recovered his judgment about her, and declared her to be but a bungling ecqueste after all. However he remained there, standing before her, and looking down admiringly on the fair youthful head, until at last he took both her pretty little plump white hands in his, in order that he might read their palms and something of her character, "which was a saystary to him," he said, to her delight. It was at this junture, just at the commencement of the reading, that Mrs. Vaughan's eyes fell upon her young guest, and wrath was averted from the head of the vicer of Hensley.

"I think it high time that we were going, if we are to get back to Hensley to night, Mr. Vaughan," Aunt Libby ezolaimed, rising up with a flutter that sounded through the room like the springing of an agitated hen.

"Surely not yet, Mrs. Vaughan; don't go yet," Mr. Linley anawared, looking round at her, but not releasing Sydney's hands.

"But indeed I shall." Mrs. Vaughan snapped rather than spoke these words, they went off with a click in Theo's ears, and made her come knew you."

When she said that, Mr. Linley remembered

rather than spoke these words, they went of with a click in Theo's ears, and made her come away from the window, for they betokened

anger.

"Will you order the carriage, Mr. Vaughan, or must I? will you be good enough to say good-bye to Mrs. Galton, and not keep the carriage waiting, Miss Scott?" The old lady was bridling her head at Sydney, and flashing glances of unmistakable anger at her, but Sydney would not cast her weapons from her and

of doubt as to flydney with virtness solerity, " flack wags, and such memors, and such assurance in a girl of that ago, makes me transhis?"

And Mrs. Yanghan trembled, forthwith to an actracedinary extent, considering that she was neither sold nor hangry. Perioding starvation sould not have shaken more vigorously than did Mrs. Vanghan under the influence of feelings that may not be analyzed with regard to this young charge of hers, who suffered men to hold her hands and read her character the while.

(90 us convenience.)

## Stephen Girard.

(The following article is condensed from one the North American Review, by James Pas co.] i had at

Within the memory of many persons sell alive, "chi Girard," as the famous banker was usually styled—a chart, stout, brick old gentleman—mad to walk in his avift, awkward way, the streets of the lower part of Phitadelphia. Though everything about him indicated that he had very little in common with his fellow-citizens, he was the marked man of the city for more than a consecution. If a sapest, was rether had very little in common with iris fellowcitizens, he was the marked man of the city for
more than a generation. His aspect was rather
ionighticant and quite unpreposessing. His
dress was old-fashioned and shabby; and he
wore the pig-tail, the white neck-cloth, the widebrimmed hat, and the large-skirted coat of the
last century. He was blind of one eye; and
though his humby eyebrows gave some character to his countemance, it was curiously void of
expression. He had also the absent look of a
man who either had no thoughts or was absorbed
in thought; and he shuffled along on his emorscous feet, looking neither to the right nor to
the loft. There was always a certain look of
the old mariner about hish, though he had been
fifty years an inhabitant of the town. When
he rode, it was in the plainest, least comfortable
gig in Philadelphia, drawn by an ancient and ifformed heres, driven always by the master's
own hand at a good pace. He chose still to
live where he had lived for fifty years, in Water
street, close to the wharves, in a small and inconvenient house, darkened by tall storehouses,
amid the heatle, and noise, and the odors of
commerce. His sole pleasure was to visit once
a day a little farm which he possessed a few
miles out of town, where he was went to take
off his coat, reli up his shirt-sleaves, and personally labor in the field and in the bara, hoeing
corn, pruning trees, toning hay, and not disdaining even to assist in butchering the animals
which he relead for market. It was no merely
ornamental or experimental farm. He made it
pay. All of its preduce was carefully, nay, which he raised for market. It was no merely ornamental or experimental farm. He made it pay. All of its preduce was carefully, nay, scrupulously hesbanded, sold, recorded, and accounted for. He loved his grapes, his plums, his pigs, and especially his rare breed of Canary birds; but the people of Phindelphia had the full benefit of their increase—at the highest market man.

market rates.

Many feared, many served, but none loved this singular and lonely old man. If there was among the very few who habitually conversed with him one understood and esteemed him, among the very few who habitually conversed with him one understood and esteemed him, there was but one; and he was a man of such abounding charity, that, like Unole Toby, if he had heard that the devil was hopelessly damned, he would have said, "I am sorry for it." Never was there a person more destitute than Girard of the qualities which win the affections of others. His temper was violent, his presence forbidding, his usual manner ungracious, his will inflexible, his heart untender, his imagination dead. He was edious to many of his fellow-citizens, who considered him the hardest and meanest of men. He had lived among them for half a century, but he was no more a Philadelphia; his chief gain, it is said, being derived from his favorite business of bottling wine and cider.

IV.

HIS LOVE, MARRILASE AND FTR RESULTS.

The romance, the mystery, the twagedy of his life now occurred. Walking along Water street the considered with Christian churches which he had helpedde build, he remained a sturdy unbeliever, and possessed the complete works of only one man, Voltaire. He made it a point of duty to labor on Sunday an injury to the people, moral and economical. He would have come to it. For his part, he required no rest, and would have none. He never travelled. He never attended public assemblies or amusements. He had no affections to gratify, no friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no taste to indulge. What he oure said of himself at home in her kitchen. The friends to visit, no curiosity to appease, no tastee to indulge. What he oure said of himself at hence of their scruples by offer-

with the rank of first a name, or, as the Franch term it, licutement of his worsel. He had well improved his time. Stant to the desires of his early education he had out pilled by sendy, and it is evident that he had been were abilified morigance. It was then the law of France that no man should command a vened who was instituted moriganized. The years old, mached not a clied two seniors in a ship of the veyal navy. Girn vi was but twompy three, and had called in more to but more hand to proceed him a disponation; and in 1772 he was licensed to command. He is uppears to have been sourcely just to his father when he wrote, sixty-three years after: "I have t to proud nationated tisses more for my relation to the day of my birth." In the more amount of money expanded, this may have been true; h ut it is the starf towards fortune that is so difficult. His father, besides procuring the disponantion, as sisted him to purchase goods for his i tust one-mercial venture. At the age of twenty-flur, we find him sailing to the West Indies; no. I indeed in command of the vessel, but probably a se mate and supercorgo, and part owner of goods to the value of three thousand dollars. He never tred his native land again. Having disposed of his cargo and taken on board another, he called for New York, which he reached in 1774. The storm of war, which was soon to sweep a ommerce from the ocean, was already muttering below the horizon, when Staphen Girard, "meriner and merchant," as he always delighted for style himself, first saw the land wherein his lot was to be cest. For two years longer, however, he continued to exercise his twofold vocation. An ancient certificate, preserved among his pariner and merchant," as he always delighted for style himself, first saw the land wherein his lot was to be cest. For two years longer, however, he continued to exercise his twofold vocation. An ancient certificate, preserved in Philadelphia commander of a aloop," of which the said Stephen Girard was part owner.

III.

HE MEGISS BUBLINESS IF PH

III.

HE MEGINS RUBINES IN PRILADELPHIA.

He was a mariner no more. The great fleet of Lord Howe arrived at New York in July. Every harbor was blockaded, and all commerse was suspended. Even the eargoes of tobseco dispatched by Congress to their Commissioners in France for the purchase of arms and stores, were usually captured before they had cleared the Capes. Captain Girard now rented a small store in Water street, near the spot where he lived for nearly sixty years, in which he carried on the business of a grocer and wine-bottler. Those who knew him at this time report that he was a taciture, repulsive young man, never associating with men of his own age and calling, devoted to business, close in his dealings, of the most rigorous economy, and preserving still the rough clothing and general appearance of a salior. Though but twenty-six years of age, he was called "old Girard." He seemed conscious of his insbility to please, but bore the derision of his neighbors with stoical equanimity, and plodded on.

War favors the shillful and enterprising business man. Girard had a genius few business. He was not less bold in his operations than prudent; and his judgment as a man of business was well-nigh infallible. Dustitute of all false pride, he bought whatever he thought he could sell to advantage, from a lot of damaged cordage to a pipe of old port; and he labored incessantly with his own bands. He was a thriving man during the first year of his residence in Philadelphia; his chief gain, it is said, being derived from his favorite business of bottling wine and cider. HE MEGINS BUSINESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

on his return he found his wife not him as managements than before In 1790, through your after that marriage, and dreader the he arbitation of inventory fire. Gifued was shown promonently in the homelial of them the shown had been brick to a formule chief. The chief man died; the position sower records he man for sympty-dree years the lived in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was buried in the her pital, and, dying in 1015, was believed in the headers of the Guester for each was brought to the grown fall method and the managers of the heist the several minutes. It was then however in the headers one and allow the amount of the subject of the discontinuous and allow the a white. Of rard looked at the outs one many, then turned to an acquaintenance and asid, as he without away, "It is very well." A green mount of the past where the fourth, was a liberal case and the headers of the management of the unhappy was a possible of the subject and foreith, was a liberal, though not ferrish, was a liberal to the liberal the second not be her face of the management of the unhappy was a liberal to the liberal though the ferrish to the liberal though the ferrish that the liberal though the liberal though the liberal than the liberal though the liberal than the liberal the liberal than the liberal than the liberal than the liberal than

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se men in a new

by fundary of the ignorance which then per valled respecting the laws of contagions because we have lost, in some degree, the habit of past and because no kind of horror can be as now to the mornie. and because no kind of horror can he as need to us as the yellow fever was to the people of Philadelphia in 1798. One half of the people aton feel. Those who remained left their houses only when compelled. Most of the churches, the great Goffee House, the Liberry, were closed. Of four daily nowspapers, one only continued to be published. Sume people constantly smoked tobacco—even wissen and children did so; others chewed garlie; others exploded gumpowder; others bursed after or aprinkled vinegar; many assiduously whitewashed every surface within their reach, some carried tarred rope in their bands; or legs of camphor round their necks; others never vehured abroad without a handkerchief or a spenge wet with vinegar at their neces. No one vanwet with vinegar at their noses. No one ven-tured to shake hands. Pricade who met in the streets gave each other a wide borth, syed one another askance, exchanged node and strade on. It was a custom to walk in the middle of the It was a custom to walk in the middle of the street, to get as far from the houses as possible. Many of the sick died without help, and the dea dwere buried without ceremany. The heard silence of the streets was breken only by the tread of litter-bearers and the awful remake of the dead-wagon. Whole families periched perished without assistance, their fate unitsoew is to their neighbors. Money was poweriess to buy attendapos, for the operation of all ordinary motives was suspended. From the last of August to the 9th of November, in a population of twenty-five thousand, there were four thousand and thirty-one burials; about-one in six.

Happily for the honor of human nature, there are always, in times like these, great send-whem base panic cannot prostrate. A few brave physicians, a few faithful elergymen, a few high-minded citizens, a few noble women, remembered and practiced what is due to humanity evertaken by a calamity like this. On the 10th of September, a notice, without rignature, appeared in the only paper published, stating that all but three of the Visitors of the Poor were sick, dead or missing, and calling upon all whe were willing to help to meet at the Oity Hall on the 13th. From those who attended the meeting a committee of twenty-seven was appointed to superintend the measures for relief, of whom Stephen Girard was one. On Sanday, the 15th, the committee met, and the condition of the great hospital at Bush Hill was laid before them. It was unclean, ill-regulated, crowded and ill-supplied. Nurses could not be hired at any price, for even to approach it was deemed certain death. Then, to the inexpressible astonishment and admiration of the semmittee, two men, of wealth and insportance in the city offered personally to take charge of the hospital during the prevalence of the disease. Girard appears of these, Peter Helm the other. Girard appears the prevalence of the disease. Girard was one of these, Peter Helm the other. Girard appears to have been the first to offic himself. "Supparate have been the first to offic himself. "Supparate dirard," records Matthew Carey, a member of the committee, "sympathising with the wretched situation of the sufferers at Bush Hill, voluntarily and unexpectedly offered himself as a manager to superintend that hospital. The surprise and satisfaction excited by this extraordinary effort of humanity can be better concaived than expressed."

see, I wan't have the old born weiting, first, The langer of the fermion of course, and of course of the second and the reversion of the course of course, and of course of course, and the course of the co prise and satisfaction excited by this extraordinary effort of humanity can be better conceived than expressed."

That very afternoon Girard and Helm went out to the hospital, and entered upon their perilous and repulsive duty. Girard chase the post of honor. He took charge of the intension of the hospital, while Mr. Helm conducted its out-door affairs. For sixty days he continued to perform, by day and night, all the distressing and revolting offices incident to the situation. In the great scarcity of help he used frequently to receive the sick and dying at the gate, areist in carrying them to their beds, nume them, receive their last messages, watch for their last breath, and then, wrapping them in the sheet they had died upon, carry them out to the burishground and place them in the trunch. He had a vivid recollection of the difficulty of finding any hind of fabric in which to wrap the dead, when the vast number of interments had exhausted the supply of sheets. "I would put them," he would say, "in any old reg I could find." If he ever left the heapital, it was to visit the infected districts and assess in removing the sick from the houses in which they were dying without help. One scale of this hind, witnessed by a merchant, who was hurrying post with camphored handkerchief pressed to his mouth, affords us a vivid glimpse of this hereb man engaged in his abiliane vocation. A carriage, rapudly drives by a black man, broke the silence of the deserted and gram-grown street. It stopped before a frame house, and the driver, first having bound a handkerchief over his mouth, opened the door of the carriage, and quickly remounted to the box. A short, thislinest man supped from the coach and sussed the house. In a minute or two the observer, whe stood at a safe distance watching the process.

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wants the side man, whom patters has existed with the contract of the black and the contract of the black of the contract of the black of the black

which the total annihilation of the bank would have occasioned.

From the close of the war to the end of his life, a period of sixteen years, Girard pursued the even tenor of his way, as keen and steady in the pursuit of wealth, and as careful in preserving it, as though his fortune were still lose cure. Why was this? We should answer the question thus:—Because his defective education left him no other resource. We frequently hear the "success" of such men as Astor and Girard adduced as evidence of the uselesaneas of early education. On the contrary, it is precisely such men who prove its necessity; since, when they have conquered fortune, they know not how to avail themselves of its advantages. When Frank lin had, at the age of forty-two, won a moderate competence, he could turn from business to science, and from science to the public service, using money as a means to the noblest end. Strong-minded but unlettered men, like Girard, who cannot be idle, must needs plod on to the end, adding superfluous millions to their estates. In Girard's case, too, there was another cause of this entire devotion to business. His domestic sorrows had estranged him from mankind, and drives him into himself.

VII.

doors were curious enough to lears what he had done with his money, thes with he house, the kindred of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a minimal to he within the house, the kindred of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a minimal the house, the kindred of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a mank. They isvaded the cellars of the house, the bidness, the house, the kindred of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a mank. They isvaded the cellars of the house, the sindred of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a mank. They isvaded the cellars of the observe when he house, the house, the house, the house, the house of the decessed, in whom this curiosity raged like a mank. They isvaded the cellars of the close of the observe was a will. To sllence their indece

VII.

NOW HE MADE HIS CELEBRATED WILL.

After the peace of 1815, Girard began to consider what he should do with his millions after death. He was then sixty-five, but he expected and meant to live to a good age. "The Russians," he would say, when he was mixing his elfa podrids of a Russian salad, "understand how to eat and driak, and I am going to see how long, by following their customs, I can live." He kept an excellent table, but he became abstemious as he grew older, and lived chiefly on his salad and his good claret. Enjoying perfect health, it was not until about the year 1828, when he was seventy-eight years of age, that he entered upon the serious consideration of a plan for the final disposal of his immense estate. Upon one point his mind had long been made up. "No man," said he, "shall be a gentleman on my money." He often said that, even if he had had a son, he should have been beought up to labor, and should not, by a great legacy, be exempted from the necessity of labor. "If I should leave him twenty thousand dollars," he said, "he would be lany or turn gambler." Very likely. The son of a man like dirard, who was virtuous without being able to make virtue engaging, whose mind was strong, but rigid and ill-furnished, commanding but uninstructive, is likely to have a barren mind and rampant desires, the twin causes of debauchery. His decided inclination was to leave the bulk of his property for the endovnant of an institution of some kind for the benefit of Philadeiphia. The only question was, what kind of institution it should be.

Wittiam J. Duane was his légal adviser them that honest and intrepid William J. Duane, who, a few years later, stood ealmity his ground on the question of the removal of the deposite against

Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few men had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able personally to enforce it. The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money, there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's oboice wine, kept up a continual carouse. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To ellence their indecent elamor, he told them there was,

assembled in a parior of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the Iron safe by one of the executors.

When he had opened it, and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions, for no one had dreamed of the probability of the leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his raying that no one should be gentleman upon his money, they had forgotten or disbelleved it. The opening parasegraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequeets to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentleman present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty of thousand; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the berefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them and the least attempt to conceal titier dual appointment and disquit. It was were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a seene which we might think disboored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man, in his own lifetime, had made his kindred partaks are of his superabundance, expecially as he had; nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seem utter ty frivolous, to break the will, and employed he most eminent counsel to conduct their car as, but without effect. They did however, an occed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will; which directly the property acquired after the execution of the will; whic

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THE 120 BARREL WELL

Of the Blue Creek Oil Company is but a short distance from this land; and we are informed there are serveral wales new in process of berling on Hill Cluesh, and Ganiy River, and other strukens in the same vicinity, and from every indication it is confidently expected will irreduce largely as seen as companed; which must be seen ity enhances the value of the property of this Company. The lands of the Vulcan and Government Oil Companies are in the same vicinity. Also the Tradesman's Oil Company, of New York, own 80-6 assess of issues on Silk Biver, and nose this property, for which they paid \$174,000, and have on the ground and on the road 30 angliers, proparatory to the development of their property this spring. The conducted well on the films Creek lands has been remained Oil since 1600, when, as we are informed, it was pumping 150 barrels per day, and to all appearances will continue to do so when put is order again, which the Company swaning its are shown doing, it having been choiled up by the reveix at the commencement of the Rebellion. This tract of isand to all appearance, and in the opinion of companying judges, is a rich in Oil to the Blue Creek property its and oil opings are abundant throughout all that section of country, and particularly so in the neighborhood of this property.

section of country, and particularly so in the neigh-borhood of this property.

Becond.—A lease het to yours on the Passy L. Ty-gard farm, in Greepe County, Pennsylvanie. In the colobrated Dunkard Creek region, containing the acres, situate on Rebert's Run, a branch of Dunkard Creek. This tract of land being astensively traversed. with streams, readering a greater portion of it beca-ble territory, several wells are now in successfull operation, that more going down in the vicinity of this land, the region of this property being as wall known as Brst-class Oil territory, further comment is unaccounty.

a unnecessary.

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STATES OF

the state of the s A Working of Colf Entery: Mandeming the foreign Maintening in case to mind an associate of Gen-Justices and the Proteigness Charge of Affairs, which Builte Popter, and to tell with greet effect. When Mr. McLease was flooreday of State, a new Minister serviced from Lisbon, and a day was appeleized for him to be presented to President Justices. The hour was not, and the Secretary expected the Minister to call at the State Bepartment for him; but Mr. McLeas's Present was rather difficult of comprehension, and the President difficult of comprehension, and the President difficult of comprehension, and the President of the White House since. He range the bell, and Justicy O'Neal, Martin's predicester, came to the dow.

"Jo min were voir, Monsieur is President," and the Minister.

"What she ministed does that mean I" med-

"What the mischler does that mean?" were tored Jonney. "He says President, though, and I s'pose he wants to see the gineral."
"Out, out," said the Pertuguese, bowing. So Jonney unhered him into the green room, where the general was smoking his corn-ook pipe wish green composers. The Minister made his how to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the general did not underwand.

"Try him in Irish, Jomesy," said Old Hiskory.
Jessey gave him a touch of the genuine Resion, but the Minister only shragged his coulders, with the same usual "plat-il,"
"Out," said Jenney, "he can't go the Irish, r—he's French, by St. Patrick."
"Then assed for the French cook, and let him; y if he can find out what the gentleman

wasta."

The cook was herried from the kitchenclosvic relied up, apren on, and carring-halfs in
hand. The Hinister, seeing this formidable apparities, and doubting that no was in the processor of the head of the nation, feared some
trenchory, and made for the door, before which
Josumy planted himself, to keep him in. When
the cook, by the general's order, sained him
who he was, and what he wanted, he gave a
very subdeed answer, to the astonishment of
the cook, the President, and Jemmy, who now
discovered for the first time the character of
the stranger.

the stranger.

In this stage of the business, Mr. McLane came in, and the Minister was presented in form. But the matter could not be alluded to in Gid Hickory's presence, without putting him

Honding Off a Lawyer.

Rufus Cheate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper-ship Challenge, on the stand, and hadgared him so for about an hour, that at last Dick get his salt water up, and handed by the wind so bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick had id that the night was "dark as the devil, and ining like seves bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him—
" Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."
"Ab, yes! A moon
"Yes, a full moon."
"Did yes see is?"
"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"
"Nautical almanac said so, and I'll Believe
at socser'n any lawyer 'n this world."
"What was the principal luminary that night,

"Minnacle lamp aboard the Challenge."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blasse have you been gridding me this beer for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator in?"

"Sho! You're joking."

"No, sir! I am in carnest, and I desire you convert me."

Ah, you refuse, do you?" You-I can't."

"Yes—I can't."
"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipperp, and unable to answer so simple a que-

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had saked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there sin't no latitude on the

That shot floored Rufus Choats.

# Aim at Something.

Aim at Something.

Arthur Gilman, in one of his public addresses, tells what he calls "an Andever story." One day, he says, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Petringill's barn saw an owl on the ridge pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding somehow or other getting into the chingies, ast the hey on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten teme of hay, six bend of cettle, the finest heree in the country," &c. The deacon was nearly created by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a less?" anys one. "Why, the deacon will well nigh break down under it," easys another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjecturest. At lest a quiet man, who set spitting in the fire, looked up and asked: "Did he hit the out?" That man was fer guesting at the point of the thing. Let all public speakers, in the pulpit and elsewhere, head the morel. Did you aim at comething, and did you hit what you aimed at? No matter about the spierps, and the smoke, and the hay—"Did you hit that out?"

Source Dorna.—A devotes of Beachus stapped out of a hotel at Rimira the other ovening, and his perspective faculties not being particularly distinct, tenshied unawares into the cases. After possibling around about half an how, he encounted is getting out and obtaining administrators into the hones. Beaking his hat by the stove, he exclaimed: "I my (his) mister, the may be a dark good tovers, (his) but I think pour house (his) has get a locative larger datase that it one was affect."



DELIGHTFUL IGNORANCE.

CLARA.-" Cousin Charles, what do they mean in this notice of the Inauguration B mps of Delight?"
CHARLES —"Buch darlings as yourself, Cousin Clara."

## PREAK OF A MARIAC.

A Changing of Bables.

On Monday evening two gentlemes, whom we will call Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, arrived per steamer from Evansville. Each was accompenied by his wife and a little oblid. The offspring of Mr. Jones was a bright boy of one year, and nied by his wife and a little oblid. The offering of Mr. Jones was a bright boy of one year, and that of Mr. Sesith a beautiful girl aged about fourteen mouths. As the parties were going north on the 2 e'clock train they consided to remain in the depot rather than involve the expense of rooms and lodging at the hotel, and consequently took their chances in the common room in the passenger house. As was natural, after a short time the two children fell asleep, and were comfortably stowed away, upon beds

comesquently took their chances in the common room in the passenger house. As was natural, after a short time the two obliders fell asleep, and were comfortably stowed away, upon beds hastily improvised from shawle and blankste in different sections of the spartment, where they rested soundly after their hard day's journey. After the obliders had been cared for, Mr. Jones proposed to Mr. Smith that they in company with their respective wives, should go out and get some supper, but to this the ladies objected on account of the obliders. To leave them would be out of the question. Just then an elderly lady who had also come down upon the boat stepped forward and kindly volunteered to mind the little ones during the passents' absence, which offer, after a little debate, was accepted, and the gratiemen and ladies started off.

No scener had the fond parents left the room, however, than the strange lady, who proved to be a manise, conceived and executed a plan to give each fifmily trouble. Divesting each of the children of its outer garments, she put that of one upon the other, and then, changing their localities, awaited the return of the parents. They came back at length; then each one of the fond mothers took charge of the offspring of the other, remaining in blusful ignorance of the free state of affairs until the next morning. Mr. Jones bought tickets for Anna, and Mr. Smith did the same for 8t. Louis. Mr. Santh took a sleeping car, but Mr. Jones discovered that her boy had been stolen, and that its place had been substituted by a child of the opposite sex, and immediately a bullabulloo was raised. Mrs. Jones went into hysterica, and Jones rushed frantically to the telegraph office to have Rmith and his wife arrested at Centralia for kidnapping, which order was obeyed upon the arrival of the train.

The next train that passed Anna took Jones on the arrival of the ti

wife arrested at Centralis for kidnapping, which order was obeyed upon the arrival of the treis.

The next train that passed Anna took Jones on board, who was intent only upon recovering Jones, Jr. We will not attempt to describe his feelings on route—that must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is quite enough to say that in due time the train arrived, and in the sitting-room of the hotel the infuriated Jones encountered the infuriated Smith, and a scene ensued which baffies description. Jones accused Smith of attempting to steal his son, Smith upbraided Jones with endeavoring to play a trick upon him. Meantime the gentles Mrs. Smith, with Mrs. Jones's baby in her arms, sought to quell the angry storm of words that was waged between them. Each of the gentlemen was the other's accuser, and each fully believed the other to be a double-dyed scoundral. Jones clutched eagerly at his scien, and Smith as resolutely refused to allow him to touch it until his own precious daughter was restored to his parental arms. Then from words the gentlemen came to blows, when the bystanders interfered and the belignments were separated.

Jones was hustled off to the other end of the building, and Smith remained with his wife and Jones's baby, and it was impossible to get from either, in their excited state of mind, anything like a suddencery applantion of the cause of the course of the security of the course of the sudding and canding of the cause of the course of the sudding and canding of the cause of the course of the sudding and canding of the cause of the cause of the course of the security of the course of the sudding and canding of the cause of the cause of the course of the security of the course of the security of the course of the security of the course of the cou

like a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the contest.

How the natter would have terminated is in impossible to tail, had not a soldier who happened to be present, and who also had seen the changing of apparel by the med woman in the Caire depot, revealed what he know of the cause, which revelation happily led to a natisfactory explanation between the gentlemen, and the next southern-bound train took them and the junior Jeans back to Anna, where his juvenile habilinents were exchanged, where Smith recovered his daughter, where all laughed over the affair, and where Jones and Smith, leaving the two hopefuls in the care of good firm. Jones, apont the time small the train came along in sampling the stimulants of the good town of Anna.

Louis Hispaleon's Pertrait of Constr.

To these natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty staters, and his finely modeled and well proportiesed limbs, imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were derk, his giance penetrating, his complexion coloriese, and his ness straight and complexion coloriese, and his ness small and regular, and his lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his fees an expression of hindliness, while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; but in the bouts that were made toward the close of his life, his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue.

His voice was someroes and vibrating; his gestures noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclumency of the beasens. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with case privations and fatigues. Habitsally abstentions, his health was not wenkened by encess of labor, nor by excuss of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two constitut, once at Cordova and then at Thapsus, he had a nevesue attack, which was erronously thought to be splittery. He paid particular attention to his perven, shaved with cure, or had the hairs planked out; he brought forward artistically the hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness.

He was represented with the affection of eratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with acquisite take. His gown was generally burdered with the leitinan, erannemented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loim by a seak locenty knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and definition of eratching his his. His dress was arranged with acquisite take, his gown was ge

To sum up, there were found in Casar, physi-To sum up, there were found in Cusar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiomesse of person to the vigorous temperament of the weldler; the graces of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the aris to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cusar at the age of eighteen, when Scylia possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans, by his name, his wit, his magaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and, still more to, perhaps.

Maraneonias.—"Bee, my love, here is the first garment made for you by your downy downy wifey's fairy flagers. It ought to seem to you different from all other shirts in the world." "So it does, my door, indeed !" (Anide. "The bosom buttons are at irregular distances, and button over the wring way; and the collar and wristbands are just the same size.")—Prairie Chiches.

GW The Loaden Athenses says that "La-dies' heroes may be ranged in two principal di-visions, gloomy measurisers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye, and irrectalmable beamps, with whom all the fall was fall in love from their case delightful lasting."

## AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Items.

It is stated that the late life. Gloodrick, of Western New York, was engaged for fifteen years in his experiments with the potatio, during which time he produced, mostly from the wild potate of Swath America, 15,000 different varieties, among which are the Garnet Chili,—at present the meat pepular variety,—the Canco, Pinkoyed Rusticest, Coppermine, &c.

"Iron Dish Cloths" are used in Switzerland, and a correspondent of the Clowdry Goodman, who had learned their use from a Swies, found some in New York among old iron, which he distributed among his friends in Balston Spa, N. T. They are made of rings of iron wire, No. 15, are about six inches square, with fifteen rings on one side. They are used for securing kettles, inside and out, &c., &c.

Mr. Ira F. Prouty, of Kessa, N. H., maless the following statement, in the Culliouter, as te the food and gain of a pig for eleven days. Five hours after feeding, the pig weighed 49 lbs. A mass was then prepared by cooking and maching together 87 lbs. 4 oz. of potatoes, same weight of purple flat turnips, and 8 lbs. of meal, half corn, half buckwheat, which was fed all he would eat, three times a day. At the end of eleven days, the mean being all gone, the pig was again weighed, five hours after feeding, and had gained 9 lbs. in eleven days.

Rev. Dr. Williams, missionary to China, writes that the Chinase do not grow the cane to make sugar or syrup. They use the leaves for fodder, the stalks for fael, and the seeds for meal or distillation, but fuel is too scarce and axpensive to admit of boiling the julce profitably.

The correspondents of some of the agricultural papers are discussing the effect of powdered line applied to move of lay, especially in cases where the hay is so meist as to be liable to suffer from mouldiness, but without being able thus far to arrive at any well astiled conclusion upon the subject.

The chemists asy that there is more water in a neural of fit meat;

upon the subject.

The chemists say that there is more water in a pound of lean than is a pound of fat meat; and that the process of fattening consists, to a great extent, in the replacing of water by fat in the animal themes.

the animal tiesues.

The Mark Lane Express says the price of wheat, during the past year or two, has been lower in London than on any previous occasion in the present century, with two exceptions. The highest weekly average for 1864 was \$1,23, and the lowest \$1.13 per bushel.

A correspondent of the Genese Farmer gives

and the lowest \$1.13 per bushel.

A correspondent of the Genese Farmer gives a careful account of the expense of raising an acre of corn fodder, which was kept into February, and consequently thoroughly dried, when he "considered it as costing about \$16 per ton, estimated in bulk as hay."

Galvanised iron talegraph wire is recommended for clothes lines, because "it never rusts, never need be taken in, never breaks down," &c. in Minnecota, as far north as 44 deg., sorghum is so generally grown that "some of the stores heep no other molasses for sale."

A correspondent of the Ravul New Yorker has received strawberry plants by mail several times, but in no case has he succeeded in making them grow.

has received strawberry plants by mail several times, but in no case has he succeeded in making them grow.

The report of the Secretary of War states that five hundred horses a day is the average wear and tear of the Federal service. There is no deabt that the war has seriously diminished the stock of horses in this country, and thus produced the high prices which now prevail. The number of horses in the loyal states at present is supposed to be 1,000,000 less than in 1861, when it was 4,190,141. The consumption of horsesish in the army is literally immense, one asimal being employed for every two men.

Caleb Canfield, of Livingston Co., Mich., writes the Eural that he has no such thing about him as lice on cattle, horses, hogs, hens, geese, neither ticks on sheep. His remedy is sulphur. To an ox, or cow, or hen, he gives a tablespoonful in their feed; to sheep less. He puts it in the coops of the fowls in small lumps. Feeds it once a month in winter, but not in summer, except to hogs. He gives his horsed cattle and horses a spoonful of pulverised saltpetre in the month of March or April, and again, without fail, when he turns them out to grass. He also feeds his cattle and horses about a pint of flaxneed each once a month in winter.

# USEFUL RECEIPTS.

YEAST, HOME MADE.—Boil in two quarts of water, a handful of hops. Pare your potatees, and boil in the same. When the latter are done, take out and mash well, mixing a tablespornful of flour, (and salt if wished.) Strain the hop water, and pour over the whole, stirring the while. When nearly cool, add a cup of lively yeast then place the jug near the stora for a

while. When nearly cool, add a cup of lively yeast, then place the jug near the store for a couple of hours, when it will have risen sufficiently to carry down cellar or into the store closet. With us this has proved a never falling recipe.—Mass. Ploughman.

To Dastraot Auta.—The following suggestions are offered for the destruction of these pests:—The farmer is often annoyed by their depredations on his strawberry beds and garden patches. Sprinkling the bed thoroughly with loose dry ealt will kill them. Kerosene cil will prove a perfect preventive to their encroach-

patches. Sprinkling the bed thoroughly with loose dry salt will kill them. Kerosene oil will prove a perfect preventive to their emcroschments on the domestic. The salt will prove an advantage rather than a detriment to the ground, while the kerosene, with the exception of its offensive scent, is perfectly harmless.

Maccanoons.—One pound of bilanched sweet almonds, and a handful of bitter; pound them in a glass mortar with rose-water, to prevent their oiling; beat to a stiff frost the whites of four eggs, stir into them one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and then mix in gradually the almonds; drop them on buttered paper, sift over them some sugar, and bake quickly without browning; leave them on the paper until cold. To Parrans Syraurs ron Camerns.—Confectioners purify the purest sugar. Discolve two pounds of loaf-sugar in a pint of cold water, add the white of an egg, and beat the mixture well; when it boils up take it from the fire, and remove the soun; put it again on the fire, and when it boils up, throw in a little cold water; again take it off, and remove the soun; continue this until no soum rises; it will take but a few drope of water each time.

Bransorn or Syrayra.—It is succrtained by experiments, that two pounds of sugar to a pint of water, is the proper strength of syraps; to prevent their working or candying. Of sourse the juice of fruit is to be taken into account in this rule; juicy fruit would need no water.

gg In view of the number of woman their he Detroit Tribune exclaims; "What a spl-id field for disappointed weeers."

## THE RESILER.

50, 30, 90, 82, 78, 77, 75, 40 My 68, 48, 82, 8, 88, 20, 18, 26,

My 00, 01, 19, 44, 22, 26, 70, 81,

In Funnsylvania. My 67, 6h, 86, 86, 70, 9, 32, 77, 60, is of a Chilege in New Ingland. My 17, 65, 68, 75, 33, is a mechan in My 14, 36, 38, 96, 76, 42, 84, is a g

My 72, 12, 55, 75, 6, 54, is a mear relative My 4, 19, 51, 51, 53, 47, 29, 56, 58, is a ri

My 89, 40, 54, 20, 60, 76, 80, 26, My 60, 28, 29, 60, 56, 70, 47, 67,

My 13, 36, 60, 67, 97, 27, 76, 39 tary title. My 74, 16, 30, 66, 64, is a river land and flootland.

land and Scotland.

My 11, 17, 22, 29, 22, 7, 23, 1, 94, is one of th
United States.

My 88, 48, 2, 12, 14, 10, is the traveller's hom
My 27, 13, 63, 63, 81, 70, 21, 87, 80, was a
coniscent Reglish poet.

My 61, 92, 83, 74, 28, 48, is a town in Texas.
My 52, 17, 46, 71, 80, 87, 29, 79, is a woman

Water. My 8, 48, 4, 77, 58, 34, 67, 61, 56, is no longer

Ours.

My 89, 25, 51, 28, 64, 61, is a lake in New York.

My 24, 25, 38, 89, 7, is a county in Fennsylvania.

My 84, 24, 34, 69, 12, 15, is a firth in Soutland.

My 44, 86, 25, 48, is a river in England.

My whole is an extract from Burns.

Wood Chester, Pa.

R. H. WALTER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING PO

My first belongs to change and shine, Ever with varied play,

Ever with varied play,
Keeps steps with progress, and is halled
Where fashion wields her sway.
My second rules the world a space,
And then its mission done,
Is folded down for history,
As Time moves swiftly on.
My whole with impress fresh and clear,
Now enters on our ways,
To blend with sorrow, care, or joy,
Along life's tangled mass.
Battinoors, Md.
KMILT

e, Md.

EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY SYRVING My first is a kind of meat.
My second is yourself.
My third is a kind of wood.
My whole is an animal.
Kashuk, Jouc.

TATES.

Problem. WRITTHE FOR THE SATURDAY EVENTS

There are three whole numbers: If we multiply the first and second of the numbers to gether, and divide by the third, the result will be the square of another whole number. If we multiply the first and third numbers together, and divide by the second number, the result will also be the square of another whole number, which is 2 more than by the former operation. And if we multiply the second and third numbers together, and divide by the first number, the result will also be the square of another whole number, which is again 2 more than by the second of these three different operations. What are those 3 numbers, (each successive one 2 higher than the preceding one,) whose squares are thus obtained by the results of the other?

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Pro

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVERING FORE A body is projected vertically upward with a velocity of 1,000 feet per assond. Required the time that it will be 3,000 feet high.

GILL BATES.

Walnut Grove, Vinces Co., Illinois.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY STRKING POST.

Pive equal circles touch each other externally, and out off equal areas from a circle of 20 rods diameter. Required the radii of the equal circles when the aggregate quantity out off by them is a maximum.

WALTER SIVERLY. oil City, Venengo Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

How long did Cain hate his brother?

Ana.—As long as he was Afel.

Why is a widow like growing potatoes?

Ana.—Because her better-half is under ground.

Eff Why is a blackmith like a safe steed?

Ana.—Because one is a horse-sloer and the other is a sure horse.

237 Who was the firstest woman manifolist in the Bible? Ana.—Herodius; when she got a feed of John the Baptist on a charger.

237 When is a quarreleone woman like a chip? Ana.—When the 'anchors ('onders) after a more.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGNA.—The Saturday Evening Post. RIDDLE—Cowl. (owl. low. ow., wen.) CHARADE—Teb. CHARADE—Mailde, (May., till, day.)

Answer to Margan Sterme's PROBLEM, published Jon. 36 :— 11.81512.

Answer to S. G. Cagroin's, same date: 6.66146 feet.